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THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS;

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER IX.

It was no fire from heaven he saw,
For, far from hill and dell,
O'er GOBBIN'S brow the mountain flaw
Bears musket-shot and yell,
And shouts of brutal glee that tell
A foul and fearful tale,
While over blast and breaker swell
Their shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill they far the upper sky,
Now down mid air they go,
The frantic scream, the piteous cry,
The groan of rage and woe
And wilder in their agony
And shriller still they grow—
Now cease they, choking suddenly,
The waves boom on below.

SAMUEL FERGUSON.

IT was a wild bitter night in the early part of November,—it might have been about the very day so loved of English mobs, when the veritable Guy Fawkes appears again at their bidding in all the dark-lanthorn horrors of his Popish identity. The winds were whistling drearily over the snow-clad earth along the bleak shore of Antrim, and the billows of that boisterous sea were lashing the dark spectral rocks with as much fury as though they gave vent to some stormy passion long pent up within their secret depths. The gloomy towers of Carrickfergus rose dark and massive at no great distance, and the ancient town which nestles in their shadow lay silent, and, as it were, wrapped in slumber around the huge old fortress. A wild pastoral tract of land inhabited at that time chiefly by fishermen, shepherds and goatherds, stretched out for miles into the sea from the near neighborhood of the city. It is a long, narrow peninsula, girded on one side by a range of rocks whose crags assume the strangest and most weird shapes imaginable. These are known to the country round as the Gobbin Cliffs, and many a tale of superstitious horror is connected in the minds of the surrounding peasantry with their jutting shelves and gloomy caves. Superstition has ever had a fitting home amongst these geological phantoms of the coast, and bold were the man or woman esteemed who would venture after nightfall within their haunted precincts.

It was at all times a dismal sound, or rather a chorus of dismal sounds, to hear when the winds rushed to and fro amidst the clefts and caverns of the Gobbins, but on that dark stormy November night in the memorable year of '41 there came such unearthly cries and groans and screams from amid the haunted cliffs that it seemed as though a thousand demons were doing their accursed will on myriads of tortured souls.

"God bless us all, it is a fearful night!" ejaculated in the Irish tongue a patriarchal old man, who, in the simple luxury of humble life, occupied a straw-backed chair of ample dimensions in the right-hand chimney-corner of a small cottage about midway on the peninsula, and so close to the rocks that not a sound from thence escaped the ears of its inmates.

"You may say that, Corny!" responded his aged dame, who in high-cauled cap and kerchief white sat directly opposite plying her wheel. "It *is* a fearful night sure enough—God pity all poor souls who are at sea in weather like this!" And in her sympathy for those who were so perilously exposed, old Rosh Magee looked round with a grateful heart on the snug and cozy little spot which contained at that moment all her nearest and dearest, to wit, her venerable partner before mentioned and a numerous family of sons and daughters of every age between thirty and eighteen,—the latter a blooming, bright-eyed lass who seemed on the high road to matrimony, judging by the tender glances of unmistakeable meaning interchanged between her and an individual whose leathern girdle displayed on its clasp the well-known cognizance of the Red Hand as his voice was marked by the peculiar intonation of the "land of Owen."

"God grant there be none on sea to-night making their way to *us!*" said the follower of O'Neill. "An' there be, granny, I'd offer up a Pater and Ave myself for all sea-faring people, though the devils in Dublin above may be getting help too!"

"Shamus aroon!" said old Corny with a fatherly smile, "there be nothing in *your* head but the wars. But, sure, agra! we needn't wonder at that—it's as natural for Tyrone men to fight as it is for a fish to swim. Our boys here be not much better, an' they had their way, though God only knows how they got such wild notions in their heads—except they come down to them from their grandfather—God rest him! who was out with the great Hugh. For my part, I declare I never had any turn that way, and I'm sure I'd make a poor hand at a scrimmage——"

"To be sure you would *now*, father," said his eldest son, a fine young man of some eight-and-twenty or thereabouts, and his eyes twinkled with sly meaning.

"Any time, Phelim!—any time, even the youngest day ever I was, I'd run a mile of ground sooner than I'd see blood shed—the Lord be praised, they say there's not many lives lost yet since *these* troubles began—that's a great thing entirely, for if we could get our rights civilly and peaceably, it would be a blessing from God. But sure, sure that's what we needn't expect anyhow!—the Lord save us, children, did you ever hear such fearsome cries from the cliffs abroad?"

"It's for all the world, Corny," said Shamus Beg, for Aileen's favored suitor was none other than that notable person, who having some relations in that neighborhood made an excuse to go there occasionally; "it's for all the world as if every Banshee in Ireland was gathered about the Gobbins this night—or maybe they're spirits from beyond the water crying the Englishers that are to fall in these wars."

"Or witches from Scotland, Shamus," suggested Aileen with her mirthful smile; "who knows but they followed the Scotch red-coats here abroad in the Castle—Christ save us," she added, with a shudder, "they have a bad look about them—the same red-coats—myself never meets one of them when I go into town with eggs or butter, or anything that way, but I feel in a hurry to get past him—a kind of a weakness comes over me somehow—isn't it strange, mother dear?"

"Take me with you, when you go," said Shamus jocosely, "though I'm in hopes it isn't long they'll be in it to frighten you—we'll scatter the nest some of these days and make the place too hot for them as we did at Charlemont and Dungannon, and all the rest of them. When the money, and the big guns, and everything comes to us from foreign parts—and that will be soon now, please the Lord!—you'll see how we'll send Monroe and his villainous loooking cut-throats about their business—just wait a little, Aileen, and it's me and the like of me you'll see mounting guard at the Castle within, and maybe it's myself won't be watching for the pretty girls coming in and out with baskets on their arms, when I'm standing at the gates with my musket at my shoulder—and the boys here—faith we'll make corporals and sergeants of them at the very start—eh, Rosh?—won't them be the times—and you and Corny and the girls will be coming in to Mass, Sundays and holidays, to our darling fine chapel where the blackguard Scotch ministers spend their time on God's holy day cramming murder and robbery and all sorts of wickedness again Catholics down the throats of their hearers! Lham derg aboo! but it's ourselves will send them where they came from in double quick time, when once we get the cannon!"

The caper which Shamus cut at the conclusion of this harangue made the girls laugh, but the young men, catching a share of his enthusiasm, swallowed every word with avidity, and testified by unequivocal signs their intense desire to be with and of that grand army of Sir Phelim's which was doing, and would yet do, such wonders on behalf of the oppressed Catholics. Seeing this, the old couple took the alarm at once, and Corny hastened to put a damper on the martial ardor of his sons.

"War is a fine thing," he observed with a discouraging shake of the head, "when people have it all their own way, and so long as it stays far off—but God keep it away from *us*, that's all I say!"

"Why, Corny man!" cried Shamus, more than a little nettled by this show of indifference—which, had he seen the old man's heart, he would have placed to its proper account, viz., the natural affection of a father struggling with the hopes and wishes of the patriot—"why, Corny man, what's come over you at all—you talk for all the world like one of the Sassenachs in the Pale above—sure you ought to know as well as we do that there's nothing left for us but to fight the battle out—things could'nt go on as they were—every one knows that—and, as I have heard Rory O'Moore, and Sir Phelim, and other great, long-headed men saying a hundred times over, fair means were tried long enough, and when *they* didn't do,—when things were getting worse from day to day in place of better, what could the people do, or the chiefs—tell me that, now, Corny?" This was a "clincher," and the old man having no such answer ready as he would willingly give, hesitated and looked at Rosh, as though expecting aid from her in so great an emergency, while Shamus glanced around with a triumphant air to gather the suffrages of his younger anditors, all of whom, but especially the young men, appeared to enjoy the old man's discomfiture.

But Rosh was a powerful auxiliary, a host in herself, and she stopped her wheel to pronounce her opinion, which she did in a very dictatorial manner:

"I never want to see the face of a soldier, Shamus Beg—do you hear that now? And it's thankful I'd be if you'd leave your game-cock notions behind you when you come to Island Magee—where you're always welcome only to do as I tell you—the wars are keeping away well from *us*, thanks be to God for that same! and I tell you what it is, Shamus, as long as they let *us* alone, we'll let *them* alone! Girls! isn't it time some of you was seeing about the supper? Shamus will be none the worse for something to eat!"

These words put Aileen and her sister Cauth in motion, and under their hospitable cares, Shamus's wants would doubtless have been well provided for, but the meal they went about preparing was never ready,—the oaten cakes which Aileen's taper fingers shaped and placed before the great fire were never tasted by Shamus, nor yet the fresh eggs which Cauth put down to boil, for, just as their culinary labors had reached that stage, a roaring, rushing sound swept past on the land side, screams of anguish and of terror were heard mingling with shouts of wrath and execration, and the clashing of sharp weapons and the report of musketry or other firearms—all near enough to be distinctly audible in Corny Magee's cottage, the terrified inmates of which started to their feet and held their breath to listen.

"Rosh!" said Shamus Beg in a hurried whisper, "if the trou-

bles never came before, they're on you now—God in heaven save ye all!"

"Why, Shamus dear," cried the old man, "what can it be at all? Oh Lord!—oh Lord! hear them shrieks—oh Rosh!—oh children! what will we do—what will we do, if it's the bloody Scotch red-coats that are out?" And the old man wrung his hands in piteous agony—while his aged wife fell on her knees before a rude picture of the Virgin which graced the wall near her.

"As sure as God's in heaven, Corny, it's them and no other," again whispered Shamus, whose practised ear had already distinguished the foreign tongue amid the horrible din of slaughter—which came every moment nearer.

"Father," said the eldest son Phelim, as he shudderingly glanced at his old mother and his fair blooming sisters, "father, it were not so bad to be a soldier now—a score or two of the O'Neills or Magennises with pikes in their hands were worth their weight in gold this night."

"Alas! alas!" groaned Shamus, "if Sir Phelim did but know of this—but och! there's many a long mile between him and us—this miserable hour—oh holy St. Columb! hear ye that? Why, they're not a hundred yards off!—oh! the treacherous, bloody villains to come in the night and murder all before them without rhyme or reason—creatures, too, that never done or said them ill—boys! boys! have ye no arms of any kind?" He cried in despair as the tumult came rushing on. But no weapon either offensive or defensive did the house contain, but each of the four sons laid hold of some household implement which might answer the purpose—even the old man snatched with the energy of despair a sickle from under the thatch, and placed himself with his sons in front of the trembling, fainting group of females, his shaking hand clutching the weapon with a desperation that was fearful to look upon.

"I tell you all," cried Shamus wildly, "that there's no earthly use in your staying here—you'd be butchered, every soul of you, like sheep—and even that were perchance not the worst of it!" His heart sickened at the hideous thought that presented itself to his mind, and seizing Aileen by the arm, he opened the back-door—which he knew led to the shore—calling on the others to follow for life or death.

"There may yet be time to get among the rocks," he muttered, as, clasping the sinking form of Aileen he dashed out—not into the darkness he fondly hoped to find, but a light more garish than that of day, the lurid light from homesteads burning in all directions. At this sight a wild shriek burst from one of the affrighted damsels, and old Rose dropped on the threshold.

"Mother of God! we're done for now!" whispered Shamus in despair, and still holding fast by Aileen, he seized the benumbed and paralyzed old man by the arm, and attempted to drag him onwards. But Corny would not go without Rosh, and jerking himself out of Shamus's grasp with a strength and agility little to be expected from his seeming frailty, he stooped over the senseless partner of forty years, and with the help of one of his sons had succeeded in raising her to a sittting posture, when a wild shriek from some of the fugitives made them start, and roused the old woman to sudden consciousness. It was only to see her husband and son struck down by the butt end of two muskets, and the next instant her scream of agony was silenced by a bayonet thrust down her throat—she fell back a lifeless corpse against the wall of her cottage, her snowy kerchief crimsoned with her own blood and that of her aged husband. Shouts of fiendish laughter followed, as some half dozen of the murderers trampling over the dead bodies rushed to set fire to the house, while twice as many of their comrades darted off in pursuit of the fugitives. Alas! the chase was of short duration—encumbered with the weight of their shrieking sisters, the brothers could make but little progress, and in their vain efforts to save

"——— from outrage worse than death"

the pure and loving ones who clung to them as their last and only hope. But where, meanwhile, was Shamus Beg—had he basely deserted his betrothed in that moment of death and danger, and left her a prey to the savage fury of incarnate demons rioting in blood? No, sooner might the lioness abandon her young to the pursuing hunter than Shamus Beg O'Hagan leave the girl of his heart under such circumstances. Neither turning to right nor left, nor once casting a look behind, on, on he dashed with a speed more than human across the level snow-plain which lay between him and the rocks, his left arm still encircling the now senseless Aileen, while his right hand grasped the trusty skene, which he meant to plunge into her bosom should their ruffian pursuers once come within reach. In his heart he thanked God for Aileen's happy unconsciousness, as he heard the oaths and threats and hideous laughter of the infuriated soldiers, the heavy footsteps crush the frozen snow as on they dashed—near and more near they came till poor Shamus fancied he could hear the laboring breath of the foremost, and by that time his own strength was failing fast. Oh, God! how wildly he scanned the space yet lying between him and safety—or if not safety, at least escape—every cranny and cleft of the rocks thereabouts was known to him, and already his straining eye was fixed on a certain point right before him—it was only a few yards off—a second or two would bring him there, but, alas! a gully lay between—a brackish, briny streamlet or creek, which a thousand times he had leaped across in boyish sport—but now—now—when death—and maddening danger were close upon him—when the most hideous of all fates was about to fall on her for whom he would have given an hundred lives—now when the breath of the pursuing savages was unmistakeably in his ear—faint and exhausted with the weight of his precious burden and the superhuman exertions he had made, he felt that the attempt was beyond his utmost strength, and his blood ran cold as he reached the brink. There was no time for hesitation—not even an instant, and breathing from his heart a fervent "Mary Mother! now or never!" he sprang over the chasm with a lightness that amazed himself, and drew a shout of admiration even from the ruthless Scotchmen—three or four of whom reached one bank as he gained the other.

"Saul! but that's a braw lad for a wild Irishman! 'twas a bold leap that, I tell ye!

"But the lassie—the bonnie lassie, Alick, pitch *him* to the de'il, but we'll have *her*, or I'm no Lindsay! Here's for her;" and the fellow was about to spring over the chasm when one of his comrades caught him by the arm.

"Hoof awa! Jemmie Lindsay, are you gone daft or what?—see you know that the boiling sea is ahint them rocks—*that* callan kens the place weel—a yard may chance to lead you an ill dance there awa. The spot is so canny, ye see well!"

"Canny or no, I'll see it out!" cried Lindsay, "I'm bent on having that lass, an' the tramp we hae had after her!"

"I tell you, Scot, you'll never lay a hand on her!" cried Shamus, from the elevated point which he had now gained; "though every devil's imp of your crew was there on that bank, I could dare ye all now—a drop of my blood you'll never spill, nor nearer shall one of you ever be to this 'bonnie lass,' as you well call her! *Death before dishonor* is a word with us Irish. I'll leave my chief, *Sir Phelim O'Neill*, to settle with you for this—you'll pay dear for this night's work—take my word for it—ay! every egg and bird of your accursed brood!"

"Hear till him now," shouted the enraged Scots, "hear till the senseless braggart!" and loudly they laughed in scorn and hate but louder laughed Shamus Beg, when seeing his savage foes about to overleap the ravine, he sank down behind the rock with his still unconscious burden, and a heavy plash in the waters far below reached the ears of the awed and terrified Scotchmen, even amid the roaring of wave and wind. Warned thus of the fate which awaited themselves if they ventured to scale the fearful barrier, and awed in spite of themselves by this episode in the night's bloody tragedy, they said little to each other on the subject, as they turned to retrace their steps to the burning cabin of Corny Magee. There, however, they found none of their comrades—the work of destruction being completed, the place was left to the silent dead and the crackling flames. It was meet cause for mirth to the disappointed ruffians that the body of poor Rosh was well nigh consumed, and as one of them gave a kick to the venerable head of Corny, where it lay across the path, with its white locks dabbled in gore, it furnished him with a ribald jest for the present and future entertainment of his companions.

When the bugles called the marauders together, an hour after, they presented a hideous sight; smutted and begrimed they were with the smoke of many dwellings, and marked like Cain with the murderer's brand stamped in the blood of their victims.* They had glutted their national and religious hatred of the Irish to their hearts' content, and were drunk with the fulness of their bloody feasting. Yet they talked in Scriptural cant of the good work they had been doing, and the salutary terror which such an example would strike into the Moabitish rebels. And it did seem as though the Lord had abandoned his faithful people into the hands of those merciless executioners, who came upon them when least expected in the darkness and storm of night. Of all the gallant chieftains who were then in arms with their legions of brave followers, to repel the aggressions of bigotry and legalized rapine, not one was near in that dark hour to save the unoffending peasantry of Island Magee from the exterminating sword of fanatical ruffians. Where were O'Neill and O'Reilly, McMahon and Maguire, on that fatal night, when the maids and matrons of that old Catholic race were shrieking and struggling in the grasp of Munroe's soldiers? Ah! they were far, far away, little dreaming of the foul butchery which, on that night, commenced the work of slaughter in the northern province. But, if they were not within ken, there was an eye that witnessed all, and a power that armed those leaders with might and strength to revenge that massacre. If blood could wash out the stain of blood then was the torrent that flowed that night, on the wild Antrim shore, effaced from the soil it saturated, for the memory of that atrocious deed, thenceforward, nerved the arms and steeled the hearts of the Ulster chieftains, and if ever wanton slaughter was avenged it was that of Island Magee.

Next morning the wintry sun rose over the peninsula, with a keene and frosty radiance, and it shone on black roofless walls and the shattered remains of household furniture, and, sadder than all, on unburied corpses, some of them partially, others wholly, charred and burnt, while others still lay singly or in heaps on the highway, where they had been overtaken in their attempted flight, these latter bruised and shattered by the iron-shod boots of their slayers trampling them to and fro. Terror and consternation, at this dreadful news, had so far overcome the Catholic people of the adjoining country, that the day was far advanced before any of them ventured to approach the scene of the slaughter, either to seek the living—if life were yet to be found there—or to give sepulture to the dead.

In the early morning, long before the first of these parties visited the place, two men had appeared there at different times, coming stealthily and slowly from opposite directions. Each in turn made his way to Corny Magee's cottage, now a pile of smoking clay walls and smoldering thatch. The first who came was Phelim, the eldest son of the murdered family. He had escaped almost by a miracle the fate of all his kindred, though his bandaged head and his right arm supported in a sling showed that he had not been altogether forgotten in the distribution of the Scottish favors. No thanks to them that Phelim was not still under the mangled corpses of one brother and two sisters, where he had been left for dead. At midnight he recovered his senses and with much difficulty extricated himself from his fearful position, for the death-grasp of his sisters held him as in a vice, and the unnatural weight of three dead bodies was a crushing load for a living man, wounded, too, as he was. But at last he rose to his feet, his clothes still upon him with the blood of his murdered relatives, as he saw by the flickering and uncertain light from the still burning ruins. His first thought was one of gratitude to Heaven for so signal an interposition of its mercy, his next to seek some place of shelter from the bitter northern blast until morning's light should enable him to look after the remaining members of his family, of whose fate he had little doubt. Before he left the spot, however, he stooped and turned over in succession each of the three before him, in order to ascertain whether life remained in any of them. Alas! they were all dead—dead, stiff and cold as death and frost could make them. With an instinctive horror that almost froze his blood, poor Phelim then moved towards the cottage, and who may describe his feelings, who may even imagine them, when right across his path he beheld the mangled corpse of his father, and a step or two farther on, by a portion of the brown drugget gown, which still covered her lower limbs, he recognized the half-consumed body of his mother! No sigh, no groan escaped the son as he bent over the ghastly remains of his beloved parents—the grief and the horror and the sense of desolation which paralyzed his being left but one feeling acute—one passion dominant—who cannot guess what that feeling, that passion was—the feeling was *hatred*, the passion *revenge*, and from that hour Phelim Magee lived but to gratify both. All softer emotions were thenceforth banished his heart, and his nature, hitherto so genial, became hard, hard as stone.

On the following morning when Phelim emerged from the sheltering walls of the neighboring cottage which escaped the fire, he found an individual whom, even at a distance, he knew to be Shamus Beg, standing with folded arms looking down on his father's dead face. It was a joyful surprise for each of the young men to see the other, and the silent greeting which they exchanged was as glad as it was sorrowful. By a common impulse they knelt on the bloody snow, but neither heard what the other uttered. When they arose, sad and stern, Phelim said:

"What of Aileen, Shamus?—is *she* gone, too?" A dismal shake of the head was O'Hagan's answer, and Phelim covering his face with his hands, groaned aloud. But Shamus did not suffer him to remain long in his lethargy of woe. Laying his hand on his arm, he said briskly:

"What's to be done with these?" pointing to the bodies. "And these?" added Phelim, leading the way to where his brother and sisters lay. "And Aileen and the others, wherever they are."

It was then agreed that they should go up on the mainland and seek assistance amongst their friends there, in order to perform the solemn rite of burial.

"There's one thing to be done before we leave the spot," said Shamus with stern emphasis, "and after that we'll go look for our poor Aileen and the rest!" He extended his hand to Phelim across the old man's body, and the son, at no loss for his meaning, joined him in a solemn vow to do battle against the Scotch murderers and all who took part with them as long as breath remained in their bodies. By way of ratifying their solemn compact, each laid his hand on the face of the corpses, and then rising they stood a moment silent, surveying the awful scene.

"That will do now!" said Shamus at length, as he turned to commence his journey. "When we have found the others"—here his voice trembled—"I must leave you to do the rest—Sir Phelim must have word of this before noon to-day, and I would that my tongue should have the telling of it! Let us off now on our search, and first for Aileen!"

(To be continued.)

* The number of those slain in the massacre of Island Magee is so variously estimated, that it is hard to arrive at any accurate conclusion respecting it. By Catholic writers it is said to have amounted to three thousand, while no respectable Protestant historian attempts to make it less than "thirty families." The victims must, in any case, have numbered many hundreds, from the actual extent of the district, viz., seven miles. Even the ultra-Protestant, Leland, speaks of the affair as an "infernal massacre."

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A POPULAR HISTORY OF IRELAND.

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD, TO THE EMANCIPATION OF THE CATHOLICS.

By Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M.P.P.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

DANISH INVASION.

Hugh VI., surnamed Ornie, succeeded to the throne vacant by the death of Donogh I. (A. D. 797), and reigned twenty-two years; Conor II. succeeded (A. D. 819), and reigned fourteen years; Nial III. (called from the place of his death Nial of Callen), reigned thirteen years; Malachy I. succeeded (A. D. 845), and reigned fifteen years; Hugh VII., succeeded and reigned sixteen years, (dying A. D. 877); Flan (surnamed Flan of the Shannon), succeeded at the latter date, and reigned for thirty-eight years, far into the tenth century. Of these six kings, whose reigns average twenty years each, we may remark that not one died by violence, if we except perhaps Nial of Callan, drowned in the river of that name in a generous effort to save the life of one of his own servants. Though no former princes had ever encountered dangers equal to these—yet in no previous century was the person of the ruler so religiously respected. If this was evident in one or two instances only, it would be idle to lay much stress upon it;

but when we find the same truth holding good of several successive reigns, it is not too much to attribute it to that under diffusion of Christian morals, which we have pointed out as the characteristic of the two preceding centuries. The kings of this age owed their best protection to the purer ethics which overflowed from Armagh and Bangor and Lismore; and if we find hereafter the regicide habits of former times partially revived, it will only be after the new Paganism—the Paganism of interminable anti-Christian invasions—had recovered the land, and extinguished the beacon lights, of the three first Christian centuries.

The enemy, which was now to assault the religious and civil institutions of the Irish, must be admitted to possess many great military qualities. They certainly exhibit, in the very highest degree, the first of all military virtues—unconquerable courage. Let us say cheerfully, that history does not present in all its volumes a braver race of men than the Scandinavians of the ninth century. In most respects they closely resembled the Gothic tribes, who, whether starting into historic life on the Euxine or the Danube, or faintly heard of by the Latins from the far off Baltic, filled with constant alarm the Roman statesmen of the fourth century: nor can the invasions of what we may call the maritime Goths be better introduced to the reader than by rapid sketch of the previous triumphs of their kindred tribes over the Roman Empire.

It was in the year of Our Lord 378 that these long-dreaded barbarians defeated the Emperor Valens in the plain of Adrianople, and as early as 404—twenty-six years after their first victory in Eastern Europe—they had taken and burned great Rome herself. Again and again—in 410, in 455 and in 672—they captured and plundered the Imperial City. In the same century they had established themselves in Burgundy, in Spain, and in Northern Africa; in the next, another branch of the Gothic stock twice took Rome; and yet another founded the Lombard Kingdom in Northern Italy. With the Goths thus for a time the masters of the Roman Empire, and whose genius and temper has entered so deeply into all subsequent civilization, war was considered the only pursuit worthy of men. According to their ideas of human freedom, that sacred principle was supposed to exist only in force and by force; they had not the faintest conception, and at first received with unbounded scorn the Christian doctrine of the unity of the human race, the privileges and duties annexed to Christian baptism, or the sublime ideal of the Christian republic. But they were very far from being so cruel or so faithless as their enemies represented them; they were even better than they cared to represent themselves. And they had amongst them men of the highest capacity and energy, well worthy to be the founders of new nations. Alaric, Attila, and Genseric, were fierce and unmerciful it is true; but their acts are not all written in blood; they had their better moments and higher purposes in the intervals of battle; and the genius for civil government of the Gothic race was in the very beginning demonstrated by such rulers as Theoderic in Italy, and Clovis in Gaul. The rear guard of this irresistible barbaric invasion was now about to break in upon Europe by a new route; instead of the long land marches by which they had formerly concentrated from the distant Baltic and from the tributaries of the Danube, on the capital of the Roman empire; instead of the tedious expeditions striking across the Continent, hewing their paths through dense forests, arrested by rapid rivers and difficult mountains, the last northern invaders of Europe had sufficiently advanced in the arts of ship-building and navigation to strike boldly into the open sea and commence their new conquests among the Christian islands of the West. The defenders of Roman power and Christian civilization in the fifth and sixth centuries, were arrayed against a warlike but pastoral people encumbered with their women and children; the defenders of the same civilization, in the British Islands in the ninth and tenth centuries, were contending with kindred tribes, who had substituted maritime arts and habits for the pastoral arts and habits of the companions of Attila and Theoderic. The Gothic invasions of Roman territory in the earlier period was, with the single exception of the naval expeditions of Genseric from his new African Kingdom, a continental war; and notwithstanding the partiality of Genseric for his fleet, as an arm of offence and defence, his companions and successors abandoned the ocean as an incongenial element. The only parrallel for the new invasion, of which we are now to speak, is to be found in the history and fortunes of the Saxons of the fifth century, first the allies and afterwards the conquerors of part of Britain. But even their descendants in England had not kept pace, either in the arts of navigation or in thirst for adventure, with their distant relatives, who remained two centuries later among the friths and rocks of Scandinavia.

The first appearance of these invaders on the Irish and British coasts occurred in 794. Their first descent on Ireland was at Rathlin island, which may be called the outpost of Erin, towards the north; their second attempt (A. D. 797) was at a point much more likely to arouse attention—at Skerries, off the coast of Meath, (now Dublin); in 803, and again in 806, they attacked and plundered the holy Iona; but it was not until a dozen years later they became really formidable. In 1818 they landed at Howth; and the same year, and probably the same party, sacked the sacred edifices in the estuary of the Slaney, by them afterwards called Wexford; in 820 they plundered Cork, and in 824—most startling blow of all—they sacked and burned the schools of Bangor. The same year they revisited Iona; and put to death many of its inmates; destroyed Moville; received a severe check in Lecale, near Strangford lough, (one of their favorite stations). Another party fared better in a land foray into Ossory, where they defeated those who endeavored to arrest their progress, and carried off a rich booty. In 830 and 831, their ravages were equally felt in Leinster, in Meath, and in Ulster, and besides many prisoners of princely rank, they plundered the primatial city of Armagh for the first time, in the year 832. The names of their chief captains, at this period, are carefully preserved by those who had so many reasons to remember them; and we now begin to hear of the Ivars, Alafs, and Sitricks, strangely intermingled with the Hughs, Nials, Connors, and Felims, who contend with them in battle or in diplomacy. It was not till the middle of this century (A. D. 837) that they undertook to fortify Dublin, Limerick, and some other harbors which they had seized, to winter in Ireland, and declare their purpose to be the complete conquest of the country.

The earliest of these expeditions seem to have been annual visitations; and as the northern winter sets in about October, and the Baltic is seldom navigable before May, the summer was the season of their depredations. Awaiting the breaking up of the ice, the intrepid adventurers assembled annually upon the islands in the Cattegat or on the coast of Norway, awaiting the favorable moment of departure. Here they beguiled their time between the heathen rites they rendered to their gods, their wild bacchanal festivals, and the equipment of their galleys. The largest ship built in Norway, and probably in the north, before the eleventh century, had 34 banks of oars. The largest class of vessel carried from 100 to 120 men. The great fleet which invaded Ireland in 837 counted 120 vessels, which, if of average size for such long voyages, would give a total force of some 12,000 men. As the whole population of Denmark, in the reign of Canute who died in 1035, is estimated at 800,000 souls, we may judge how large a portion of the grown men were engaged in the regular piratical pursuits. The ship on which they prided themselves so highly were flat-bottomed crafts, with little or no keel, the sides of wicker work, covered with strong hides. They were impelled either by sails or oars as the changes of the weather allowed; with favorable winds they often made the voyage in three days. As if to favor their designs, the north and north-west blast blows for a hundred days of the year over the sea they had to traverse. When land was made, in some safe estuary, their galleys were drawn up on shore, a convenient distance beyond highwater mark, where they formed a rude camp, watch-fires were lighted, sentinels set, and the fearless adventurers slept as soundly as if under their own roofs, in their own country. Their revels after victory, or on returning to their homes, were as boisterous as their lives. In food they looked more to quantity than quality, and one of their most determined prejudices against Christianity was that it did not sanction the eating of horse flesh. An exhilerating beer, made from heath, or from the spruce tree, was their principal beverage, and the recital of their own adventures, or the national songs of the Scalds, were their most cherished amusements. Many of the Vikings were themselves Scalds, and excelled, as might be expected, in the composition of war songs.

The Pagan belief of this formidable race was in harmony with all their thoughts and habits, and the exact opposite of Christianity. In the beginning of time, according to their tradition, there was neither heaven nor earth, but only universal chaos and a bottomless abyss, where dwelt Surtur in an element of unquenchable fire. The generation of their gods proceeded amid the darkness and void, from the union of heat and moisture, until Odin and the other children of Asa-Thor, or the Earth, slew Ymer, or the Evil One, and created the material universe out of his lifeless remains. These heroic conquerors also collected the sparks of eternal fire flying about in the abyss and fixed them as stars in the firmament. In addition, they erected in the far East, Asgard, the City of the Gods; on the extreme shore of the ocean stood Utgard, the City of Nor and his giants, and the wars of these two cities, of their gods and giants, fill the first and most obscure ages of the Scandinavian legend. The human race had as yet no existence until Odin created a man and woman, Ask and Embla, out of two pieces of wood (ash and elm), thrown upon the beach by the waves of the sea.

Of all the gods of Asgard, Odin was the first in place and power; from his throne he saw everything that happened on the earth; and least anything should escape his knowledge, two ravens, Spirit and Memory, sat on his shoulders, and whispered in his ears whatever they had seen in their daily excursions round the world. Night was a divinity and the father of Day, who travelled alternately throughout space, with two celebrated steeds called Shining-mane and Frost-mane. Friga was the daughter and wife of Odin; the mother of Thor, the Mars, and of the beautiful Balder, the Apollo, of Asgard. The other gods were of inferior rank to these, and answer to the lesser divinities of Greece and Rome. Niord was the Neptune, and Frega, daughter of Niord, was the Venus of the North. Heimdall, the watchman of Asgard, whose duty it was to prevent the rebellious giants scaling by surprise the walls of the celestial city, dwelt under the end of the rainbow; his vision was so perfect he could discern objects 100 leagues distant, either by night or day, and his ear was so fine he could hear the wool growing on the sheep, and the grass springing in the meadows.

The hall of Odin had 540 gates, and was the abode of heroes who had fought bravely in battle. Here they were fed with the lard of a wild bore, which became whole every night, though devoured every day, and drank endless cups of hydromel, and drank from the udder of an inexhaustible she-goat, and served out to them by the Abymphs, who had counted the slain, in cups which were made of the skulls of their enemies. When they were wearied of such enjoyments, the sprits of the Brave exercised themselves in single combat, hacked each other to pieces on the floor of Valhalla, resumed their former shape, and returned to their lard and their hydromel.

Believing firmly in this system—looking forward with undoubting faith to such an eternity—the Scandinavians were zealous to serve their gods according to their creed. Their rude hill altars gave way as they increased in numbers and wealth, to spacious temples, at Upsala, Ledra, Tronheim, and other towns and ports. They had three great festivals, one at the beginning of February, in honor of Thor, one in Spring, in honor of Odin, and one in Summer, in honor of the fruitful daughter of Niord. The ordinary sacrifices were animals and birds; but, every ninth year, there was a great festival at Upsala, at which the kings and nobles were obliged to appear in person, and to make valuable offerings. Wizards and sorcerers, male and female, haunted the temples, and good and ill winds, length of life, and success in war, were spiritual commodities bought and sold. Ninety-nine human victims were offered at the great Upsala festivals, and in all emergencies, such sacrifices were considered most acceptable to the gods. Captives and slaves were at first selected; but, in many cases, princes did not spare their subjects, nor fathers their own children. The power of a Priesthood who could always enforce such a system, must have been unbounded and irresistible.

The active pursuits of such a population were necessarily maritime. In their short summer, such crops as they planted ripened rapidly, but their chief sustenance was animal food and the fish that abounded in their waters. The artizans in highest repute among them were the shipwrights and smiths. The hammer and anvil were held in the highest honor; and of this class, the armorers held the first place. The kings of the North had no standing armies, but their lieges were summoned to war by an arrow in Pagan times, and a cross after their conversion. Their chief dependence was in infantry, which they formed into wedge-like columns, and so clashing their shields and singing hymns to Odin, they advanced against their enemies. Different divisions were differently armed; some with a short two-edged sword and a heavy battle-axe; others with the sling, the javelin, and the bow. The shield was long and light, commonly of wood and leather, but for the chiefs, ornamented with brass, with silver, and even with gold. Locking the shields together formed a rampart which it was not easy to break; in bad weather the concave shield seems to have served the purpose of our umbrella; in sea-fights the vanquished often escaped by swimming ashore on their shields. Armor, many of them wore; the Berserker, or champions, were so called from always engaging, *bare* of defensive armor.

Such were the men, the arms, and the creed, against which the Irish of the ninth century, after three centuries of exemption from foreign war, were called upon to combat. A people, one-third of whose youth and manhood had embraced the ecclesiastical state, and all whose tribes now professed the religion of peace, mercy, and forgiveness, were called to wrestle with a race whose religion was one of blood, and whose beatitude was to be in proportion to the slaughter they made while on earth. The northman hated Christianity as a rival religion, and despised it as an effeminate one. He was the soldier of Odin, the elect of Valhalla; and he felt that the offering most acceptable to his sanguinary gods was the blood of those religious who denied their existence and execrated their revelation. The points of attack, therefore, are almost invariably the great seats of learning and religion. There, too, was to be found the largest bulk of the portable wealth of the country, in richly adorned altars, jewelled chalices, and shrines of saints. The ecclesiastical map is the map of their campaigns in Ireland. And it is to avenge or save these innumerable sacred places—as countless as the Saints of the last three centuries—that the Christian population have to rouse themselves year after year, hurrying to a hundred points at the same time. To the better and nobler spirits the war becomes a veritable crusade, and many of those slain in single-hearted defence of their altars may well be accounted martyrs—but a war so protracted and so devastating will be found, in the sequel, to foster and strengthen the worst vices as well as the best virtues of our humanity.

The early events are few and well known. During the reign of Hugh VI., who died in 819, their hostile visits were few and far between; his successors, Conor II. and Nial III., were destined to be less fortunate in this respect. During the reign of Conor, Cork, Lismore, Dundalk, Bangor and Armagh, were all surprised, plundered, and abandoned by "the Gentiles," as they are usually called in Irish annals; and with the exception of two skirmishes in which they were worsted on the coasts of Down and Wexford, they seem to have escaped with impunity. At Bangor they shook the bones of the revered founder out of the costly shrine before carrying it off; on their first visit to Kildare they contented themselves with taking the gold and silver ornaments of the tomb of St. Bridget, without desecrating the relics; their main attraction at Armagh was the same, but there the relics seem to have escaped. When, in 830, the brotherhood of Iona apprehended their return, they carried into Ireland, for greater safety, the relics of St. Columbkill. Hence it came that most of the memorials of SS. Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkill, were afterwards united at Downpatrick.

While these deplorable sacrileges, too rapidly executed perhaps to be often either prevented or punished, were taking place, Conor the King had on his hand a war of succession, waged by the ablest of his cotemporaries, Felim, King of Munster, who continued during this and the subsequent reign to maintain a species of rival monarchy in Munster. It seems clear enough that the abandonment of Tara, as the seat of authority, greatly aggravated the central weakness of the Milesian constitution. While over centralization is to be dreaded as the worst tendency of imperial power, it is certain that the want of a sufficient centralization has proved as fatal, on the other hand, to the independence of many nations. And anarchical usages once admitted, we see from the experience of the German Empire, and the Italian republics, how almost impossible it is to apply a remedy. In the case before us, when the Irish Kings abandoned the old mensal domain and betook themselves to their own patrimony, it was inevitable that their influence and authority over the southern tribes should diminish and disappear. Aileach, in the far North, could never be to them what Tara had been. The charm of conservatism, the halo of ancient glory, could not be transferred. Whenever, therefore, ambitious and able Princes arose in the South, they found the border tribes rife for backing their pretensions against the Northern dynasty. The Bards, too, plied their craft, reviving the memory of former times, when Eber the Fair divided Erin equally with Eremon, and when Eugene More divided it a second time with Con of the Hundred Battles. Felim, the son of Crimthan, the contemporary of Conor II. and Nial III., during the whole term of their rule, was the resolute assertor of these pretensions, and the Bards of his own Province do not hesitate to confer on him the high title of Ard-righ. As a punishment for adhering to the Hy-Nial dynasty, or for some other offence, this Christian king, in rivalry with "the Gentiles," plundered Kildare, Durrow, and Clonmacnoise—the latter perhaps for siding with Connaught in the dispute as to whether the present county of Clare belonged to Connaught or Munster. *Twice* he met in conference with the monarch at Birr and at Cloncurry—at another time he swept the plain of Meath, and held temporary court in the royal rath of Tara. With all his vices he united an extraordinary energy, and during his time, no Danish settlement was established on the Southern rivers. Shortly before his decease (A.D. 846) he resigned his crown and retired from the world, devoting the short remainder of his days to penance and mortification. What we know of his ambition and ability makes us regret that he ever appeared upon the scene, or that he had not been born of that dominant family, who alone were accustomed to give kings to the whole country.

King Conor died A. D. 833, and was succeeded by Nial III., surnamed Nial of Callan. The military events of this last reign are so intimately bound up with the more brilliant career of the next ruler—Melaghlin, or Malachy I.—that we must reserve them for the introduction to the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A large and beautiful clipper ship, intended for the East India trade, and about 1,000 tons burthen, was launched from the building yard of the Belfast Ship Building Company, Queen's Island. Her dimensions are as follows: Length of keel and forerake, 108 feet; breadth of beam, 33 feet; depth of hold, 21 1-2 feet; tonnage for register, 900 tons; class, 14 years. The launch was conducted with much scientific skill, and went off admirably. She was christened "Old Tom," and with one exception—that of the Great Northern, screw steamer, built at Derry—is the largest wooden vessel ever constructed at any Irish port.

It is proposed to form a company under the Limited Liability Act, with a capital not exceeding £10,000, in shares of £2 each, for the purpose of erecting in Belfast a spacious hall, with the necessary minor apartments, affording accommodation for between 2,000 and 3,000 persons, and suitable for concerts, lectures, exhibitions of art, balls, dinners, and all other public purposes to which such buildings are generally applied. It is proposed to erect in the hall a large organ, by the aid of which grand musical festivals and cheap popular concerts may be given.

Armagh.

Four wild swans have taken up their residence on Greegg's Lough, county Armagh.

Carlow.

We regret to report an accident of a fearful nature, which resulted in the death of a young man named Thomas Hughes, aged thirty years, which occurred at Ballinacarrig, on Tuesday last, the 18th of January. The deceased was a laboring man, residing in Carlow, and on the day in question was in the employment of Mr. William Faircloth, at a building of the Rev. Mr. Trench's in Ballinacarrig. He was on a scaffold, with two other men, at the time of the occurrence, and it appears, missing a step, fell therefrom—a height of about forty feet, and a large stone coming in contact with his arm contused it frightfully. Dr. Hewston was in immediate attendance, and seeing the injuries were of a most serious nature, had the unfortunate man conveyed to the County Infirmary, where he lingered in great agony until the following day, when he expired. Deceased leaves an aged and widowed mother to deplore his untimely fate.—*Post.*

Cork.

We give the following account of Ballincarrig Castle from a "Topographical Dictionary of Ireland," by Samuel Lewis: "There are some remains of Ballycarrig Castle, originally built to command a very important pass in the valley; it is a lofty square pile of building, 96 feet high, the walls of which are 6 feet in thickness; a spiral stone staircase, still in tolerable preservation, leads to the battlements; the platform and one of the gables are entire, but the roof has been long destroyed. The upper apartment is lighted by circular arched windows in the Norman style, with moldings enriched with curious devices, and various Scriptural emblems, among which is our Saviour on the cross between the two thieves, and on two sides of the room are seats; there are also the initials R. M., C. C., and the date 1585, above which is an angel with expanded wings. This inscridtion is supposed to commemorate the founder, Randal M'Carty, and his wife, Catherine Collins. Below this apartment is a lofty, vaulted hall, which, from the brackets and small windows still remaining, is supposed to have been originally divided into three different stories. At a short distance to the south-east is a circular keep or watch tower; to the south is a lake; and to the north is a bog of considerable extent terminated by a low ridge of rugged rocks. Though the date of the castle is supposed to be 1585, the original tower is evidently of much greater antiquity, and probably of the twelfth or thirteenth century. Near the castle have been found several silver coins."

A fire broke out in the rere of Mr. Ruby Johnson's upholstery establishment, Great George's street. At first it was supposed to be only a chimney on fire, but the increasing flame soon showed that it was proceeding from the house itself. Mr. Johnson's family not being resident, some policemen who were on patrol, assisted by the bystanders, burst in the shop door, and as soon as this was done the whole range of warerooms was discovered on fire, and burning embers were seen falling down from the upper rooms. With great energy and presence of mind, some of the bystanders, along with the police, succeeded in safely depositing at the opposite side of the street upwards of £300 worth of mahogany furniture consisting of chairs, tables, sofas, &c. Fears were entertained for the neighboring houses. Fortunately, however, these fears were not realized, for about eleven o'clock, though the premises of Mr. Johnson were reduced to a mere shell, all the floors having successively fallen in, Mr. Riordan's house, which the flames had already caught, was saved, and Mr. O'Connell's remained untouched.

A pert-looking young woman named Browne was charged at the Police-office, Cork, with obstructing the streets, by offering to a crowd of boys and girls a lottery of "all prizes and no blanks." According to the statement of the prisoner, the prizes consisted principally of pin-cases and ear-rings "for the ladies," and whistles and black-lead pencils for the young gentlemen. She was fined 1s., and directed to pursue her profession away from thoroughfares in future.

A portion of the ceiling in the corridor of the Court-house, just opposite the door on the right-hand side as you enter, fell with a great crash. Fortunately no person was injured; but some men who were inside at the time ran out greatly alarmed. Other portions of this ceiling are cracked and appear to be in a dangerous condition.

Mr. Hart, of Dublin, who painted some excellent scenery for the George's street Theatre, has just finished a very clever and spirited sketch of Dublin Bay, giving a view of Ireland's Eye, where Mrs. Kirwan was murdered by her husband. Any person who has indulged in, or seen trawling, will recognize the truthfulness of the fishing boats in the foreground.

Denis Shea, charged with being a member of the "Phœnix Society," has been discharged unconditionally from gaol by a special order from Dublin Castle.—*Reporter.*

Derry.

The first batch of the Gweedore emigrants left this city on their way to New South Wales. About 280 men, women and children, formed the party. The emigrants are chiefly young men and women, whose ages range from 18 to 25. Some of the men were fine-looking fellows. The emigrants were all comfortably clad, the celebrated appeal of the ten Catholic clergymen having caused the benevolent to supply them with the necessary funds. The emigrants began to arrive in this city, and the intermediate time was employed by Capt. Keele, R.N., the government emigration officer, in examining their outfit—a work of an arduous character, although, as may be expected, the luggage of the poor people was not very large in amount. The Rev. James M'Fadden, C.C., from the Gweedore district, accompanied the party. The emigrants left by train for Belfast, whence they were conveyed by steamer to Birkenhead, where they were transferred to the vessel furnished for the voyage by the Emigration Commissioners. Mr. M'Fadden went with the people to Birkenhead, and will return after their final embarkation. It is his intention to go out to New South Wales with the next batch of emigrants, who are expected to sail in March. The gross number of the Gweedore emigrants is about 900, so that two divisions, each numbering about 300, have yet to be forwarded. The Rev. John Doherty, P.P., and several other clergymen belonging to the county of Donegal, were in town on the day on which the poor people left.—*Journal.*

Mr. M'Cay, auctioneer, of Newtownlimavady, put up for sale at Ballyhanna, two farms held by Mr. William Crawford, as tenant-at-will, under the Marquis of Waterford. The first farm consisted of 72 statute acres of arable and pasture land, held at the yearly rent of £20 10s. Sold for £321 to Mr. John Martin, of Carrymenagh. The second farm consisted of 100 statute acres of mountain heath. Yearly rent, £11. Sold to Mr. Thomas Mullan, of Ballyhanna, for £125. The biddings were spirited. These farms brought less than many recently sold by Mr. M'Cay on this property.

Down.

A deputation from the Newry Catholic Young Men's Association waited on Mr. Robert H. Dogherty, and presented him with a highly complimentary address, together with a handsome gold watch and chain, as a small memento of their esteem, and appreciation of his services as honorary secretary to their institution since its inauguration. Mr. Dogherty replied in very appropriate terms, adverting to the happy influence of such an institution as the above on the minds and morals of young men.

Dublin.

The Council of the Ossianic Society met at 9 Anglesea street, on Monday, the 27th January, to elect members and transact general business, Rev. John L. O'Flynn in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, the following gentlemen were elected members of the society: John O'Hagan, Esq., barrister, 20 Kildare street, proposed by the president of the society; James Shanly, Esq., barrister, Patrick G. Norris, Esq., solicitor, Philip M'Cann, Esq., and Patrick O'Mara, Esq., London, Canada West, proposed by John M. Tierney, Esq.; Robert P. C. Walsh, Esq., 34 Ebenezer terrace, Cork, and M. J. Keating, Esq., Butter Exchange, Cork, proposed by P. O. Herlihy, Esq.; J. O'Donovan, Esq., Lisbehoge, Deserterges, Bandon, proposed by James O'Mahony, Esq.; John Campbell, Esq., Auckland, New Zealand, Richard Pearce, Esq., Waterloo place, Wexford, Samuel Orr, Esq, Flower field, Coleraine, and John Eugene O'Cavanagh, Esq., London, proposed by the secretary. The fourth volume of the Society's Transactions, comprising a collection of Fenian Poems, written on the occasion of the battle fought at Cnoc-an-air, in Kerry, early in the Christian era, edited by the secretary; a curious modern poem on Tir-na-nog, or Land of Youth (the Elysium of the pagan Irish), edited by Bryan O'Looney; and a very interesting prose tract, entitled, the Boyish Exploits of Fionn Mac Cumhaill, edited by Dr. O'Donovan, was announced on the eve of publication, and the treasurer was directed to issue circulars calling in the outstanding subscriptions due to the society, to meet the expenses incurred by its publication.

A meeting of the Irish Liberal Representatives took place at the residence of Mr. Cogan, M.P., Stephen's-green, South. The following members were present: Oliver D. J. Grace, Roscommon; J. D. Fitzgerald, Ennis; Michael Dunne, Queen's County; John Bagwell, Clonmel; The O'Donoghue, Tipperary County; J. F. Maguire, Dungarvan; Lawrence Waldron, Tipperary County; P. O'Brien, King's County; Alexander McCarthy, Cork County; Loftus H. Bland, King's County; F. Calcutt, Clare County; Sergeant Deasy, Cork County; W. H. F. Cogan, Kildare County; John Hatchell, jun., Wexford County; S. M. Greer, Londonderry County. The chair was taken by Mr. Grace; and Mr. Cogan was requested to act as secretary to the meeting. Letters of apology were received from a number of representatives, expressing the strongest condemnation of the proposed meeting of landed proprietors.

The Burns' centenary was celebrated by two demonstrations in Dublin, neither of which were of that class which would accord with the teachings and spirit of Burns' poetry. Instead of one grand and popular demonstration, we have had an "upper" class and a "middle" class dinner; both classes shrinking from the "lower" classes. Speeches were delivered by Dr. Wilde and Dr. Ferguson, LL.D., at one of the demonstrations. No one who reads those beautiful and brilliant addresses can fail to regret that they were not spoken to admiring thousands, and not to a dining few. It is with some sense of humiliation we record the fact that so grave an error was committed amongst us as this splitting up of the Burns' centenary demonstration into narrow class displays; surely a most glaring outrage of the memory of the peasant bard, whose every strain was in harmony with the hearts of the class so utterly repelled.—*Nation.*

The following extract from an entry in the diary of Lady Morgan, now in course of publication, dated "Kildare street, Dublin, August, 1818," shows with what relish her ladyship sketched her best-drawn characters: "I am just giving my last touch to 'Florence Macarthy,' which I shall leave in Colburn's hands. I really think it is good fun, particularly the sketch of the 'Castle Hacks;' for last night, as Morgan was strumming over his eternal Handel, and had got as far as 'Angels ever bright and fair,' and I was writing in a scene of my 'Attorney Crawley'—my favorite of the whole batch of Irish originals—I laughed so heartily, that Morgan started up, exclaiming, 'Good heaven, Sydney! what is the matter?' 'Well.' I said, 'old Crawley is so droll, that I cannot help laughing.' If one could only ensure equal hilarity in one's readers!"

The inventive genius of the age is admirably depicted in the newly-invented Hibernian mantle, registered by John Lee, the celebrated coat cutter, Dame street, Dublin, the shape or configuration of which is produced by cutting out of one piece of cloth the back, neck, and wings without the ordinary seams, thereby producing the most elegant drapery, and imparting a dignified appearance to the outline of the garment.

Kilkenny.

We have been informed on the very best authority that the county was never so peaceable and orderly as at present. The utmost absence of crime characterizes the city, and for several weeks past there has not been a single instance of crime in the entire county.—*Journal.*

King's County.

A convict, confined in the Philipstown prison, named John Maguinness, who was under sentence of transportation for life, effected his escape by getting over the yard wall. Constable Edward Purcell and his party, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in arresting him in the house of a man named Scully. Maguinness was escorted to his old home in the prison, which he is not likely to leave for some time. —*Leinster Reporter.*

Limerick.

A numerous meeting of the South West Agricultural Society was held at Limerick, George Vandeleure, Esq., in the chair—when Fitzwilliam Walshe, Esq., of Trough, presented a beautiful silver cup, value £50, to be competed for the best animal in the yard, at the next exhibition. Captain Croker was deputed to proceed to Dublin on Tuesday to remonstrate with the committee of the Royal Dublin Agricultural Society upon the inexpediency of holding their shows during the Munster Fair in Limerick.

It is proposed to erect a bridge across the Shannon between Castleconnell and Doonas; over £500 has been subscribed by a few of the landlords of the locality. The Bridge will consist of a wrought iron superstructure, on the lattice principle, resting on stone piers, from a well executed design, by Mr. Barclay, C.E., and will add much to the beauty of the scenery of Castleconnell.

Louth.

On Friday, the 14th Jan., a fine hare took a freak in its head to show the inhabitants of Ardee a little sport. It cantered into the town from the county Meath side, and appearing to have an architectural taste, it commenced to admire the beautiful building erecting by Mr. Halpenny. What its cogitations might be on the affair, as Burns says, "let time and chance determine." It stopped a short time opposite the beautiful establishment of Mr. Kelly, as much as to say, "in all my travels this bangs anything I have seen." It was, however, near satisfying its curiosity at the risk of its life, as it had by this time been "spotted" by a number of men, women and boys, one half of whom were armed with sweeping brushes, besoms, &c., fully determined on the capture of puss, who had now no alternative but to run for it. Nearly at the commencement a herring barrel appeared to obstruct its passage, it cleared it at a bound; not so, an unlucky lump of a woman, foremost in the chase, made a blow of a besom at it, and, overreaching herself, tumbled headforemost into the "soldiers," where she remained some time like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between earth and heaven, with her crinoline flaunting in the breeze. Her husband, when the crowd was extricating her, affectionately besought them to let her get a good pickling, as many a one she gave himself. Half the attention of the pursuing party being distracted by this untoward event, puss had more leisure to form her plans, and casting a furtive glance at Mr. M'Keever's establishment, she exclaimed, "I am glad I have taken this house in my way!" She however excused herself for not stopping, and made out backwards, pursued by a smart lad in the establishment, who unluckily, in his hurry, tumbled into a tub of suds. Puss merely looked round, and exclaimed, "you are done for the rest of the chase!" The chase terminated here, as the poor hare contrived to get into the Ardee house demesne. Whether she will afford the inhabitants another day's sport is yet to be seen.

The first stone of the monument to Anne Galt has been laid by the Hon. Major Jocelyn, in St. Nicholas's Churchyard, Dundalk, in an elevated position between the two front gates. The Major appeared in true workmanlike style, with an apron, and silver trowel, and executed his task in a mechanical fashion. The ceremonial was unaccompanied by any inauguration address—was simple and unostentatious as befitted the scene. A considerable number of persons were present.

The jail of Drogheda is being remodeled on the principle of the separate system. To carry out this the prisoners have all been removed to the jail of Dundalk.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the magistracy Anthony Smith, chairman of the Town Commissioners of Ardee.

Meath.

A placard, written with a split pen or small brush, was found pasted over the Lord Lieutenant's proclamation on the wall of the Court-house, Navan. The following are its contents: "Men of Meath, beware of English bribery. Be steady and united. Twenty pounds for the head of an informer." It was signed "A foe to tyranny," and it was filled up with two pikes, having between them a flag bearing the word "Liberty."

Monaghan.

A man named Slevin, who lives in Lisdoonan, about four miles from Castleblaney, on the old road to Carrickmacross, had, on Friday, 14th January, a christening. After the party had separated one of the men, on his way home, looked round, and, to his surprise, saw the house he had just left on fire. Three cows, five heifers, one horse, and five pigs—in all fourteen—were burned to a cinder and buried in the ruins. There was another house attached to Slevin's, but fortunately the fire was prevented from reaching it by pulling down some walls. It is supposed the fire originated through the negligence of one of the party, who, on going to bed, left a candle burning, which set fire to the curtains.

The Directors of the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway Company have at length shown a sign of making the line from Ballibay to Cootehill, and thence to Cavan, for which they got an ennabling act four years ago. They have just issued an advertisement of their intention to take tenders from parties willing to undertake the making of the line.

Roscommon.

The stag hunt—so much talked about—brought a great crowd together on the 14th ult., at Lenabane; indeed it would remind you of one of its old days. Long before the hour fixed (12 o'clock), numbers of foot people assembled, and every sportsman in the neighborhood who could boast a mount. There were also ladies on horseback, and a number of cars and carriages—altogether a gay assemblage, full of expectation from the novelty of a stag hunt. While waiting for the stag, let us pay a just tribute of praise to Mr. Grehan for his endeavors to show sport. He opened this old sporting neighborhood last year, and afforded rare amusement regularly. His motto is "There is room enough for all." But you are waiting for the stag. Well, there he is in the crowd, gaily decked out in red ribbon, frightened at the hubbub and shouting. When uncarted he made a run for about ten minutes, and then stood to wonder, as it were, at the curious scene—men, horses, and dogs in a regular *melee* because he did not run away. He was saved and put up for another day, when we hope better arrangements will secure a good run. The dogs were drawn off to look for a hare, and in a few minutes were successful. A good ring through the old racecourse, towards the Lough, took place, when poor puss took refuge in a rabbit-burrow. There was some nice practice over the stone walls, and we observed one or two salaams to mother Earth.—*Messenger.*

The spirited people of Strokestown will not permit Capt. Blakeney's departure without testifying how fully he deserved their confidence. Thirty-four years was a pretty good test for character, yet we verily believe during that long period Mr. Sub-Inspector Blakeney, while strictly discharging his duty, had not a single enemy. Kind, courteous, and charitable, his successor, whoever he may be, will find it hard to emulate his popularity. Mr. Blakeney, after a service of 43 years, retires on full pay, and which his friends at Strokestown wish he may long live to enjoy.—*Ibid.*

Intelligence has reached Moydrum Castle, the residence of Lord Castlemaine, of the death of his youngest son, the Hon. Henry Handcock. This young gentleman is reported to have met his death while tiger hunting in India. He

was on the staff of his relative, Lord Harris, Governor General of Madras. Captain Handcock was all through the Crimean campaign, and escaped unharmed from that sanguinary conflict. He represented this borough in Parliament in 1856. The news of his premature death has caused deep and general regret, as he was held in much personal esteem by the people of Athlone.—*Athlone Sentinel.*

Tipperary.

A numerously-attended meeting of the County of Tipperary Independent Club was held in the schoolhouse of the Christian Brothers, Thurles. Amongst those who atttended were— The O'Donoghue, M.P.; F. Lidwell, J.P.; J. Lanigan, J.P.; W. L. Hackett, Mayor of Clonmel; Rev. Mr. Morris, P.P.; Rev. W. Laffan, P.P.; Capt. Byrne, Rev. Mr. Mullany, P.P.; Rev. J. Scanlan, C.C.; Rev. Mr. O'Meara, C.C.; D. D. Mulcahy, junior; George Burke, solicitor; W. Maher, J.P.; Valentine O'Meara, Rev. Mr. Mullally, P.P.; Rev. Mr. Cummins, C.C.; Rev. Mr. Cooney, C.C.; Rev. A. Cahill, C.C., &c. F. Lidwell, J.P., occupied the chair; and the Rev. Mr. O'Dwyer, C.C., Doon, acted as Secretary to the meeting. A number of resolutions were proposed and adopted, as well as a vote of confidence in favor of "The O'Donoghue," the energetic county representative.

Shortly before the departure of the 20th from Tralee, a private of the regiment named Long was tried before a court-martial for deserting twice, for general disobedience, and contempt of orders, and was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to be kept in solitary confinement for two months. The finding of the court martial was transferred for approval to the Horse Guards, in the usual manner. The authorities, however, thought fit to commute the punishment to twenty-five lashes, and the sentence was carried into execution in the Clonmel barracks.—*Examiner.*

Waterford.

A lecture was delivered in the Assembly Rooms, Town Hall, to the St. Patrick and St. John's Societies, by Mr. Blake, M.P. As many members as the room could contain were present. Although the lecturer had particularly stipulated that the audience should be confined to the societies, yet many others obtained admission, amongst whom we noticed several citizens and clergy. We are precluded from saying more than that the subject referred to a tour on the Northern countries of Europe, embracing short descriptions of the former history and present condition of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with an extensive account of the Russian Empire, from the Baltic to near the Black Sea, with a sketch of the foundation of the Empire, the government, character of the people, the nobility, military, Cossacks, and ships, and a description of the matrimonial arrangements of the Circassians, which the lecturer—amidst much laughter—strongly recommended for adoption by the unmarried portion of his audience. The lecturer concluded by a brief outline of the past and present state of the kingdom of Poland. The existing state of things in that country, so far as the humbler classes are concerned, were described as not at all so bad as is generally supposed, the real sufferers being the nobility, to whose disunion and disregard for their dependants, the subjugation of the country by Russia, Austria, and Prussia should be attributed. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Blake stated that he had been induced to appear before an audience, for the first time, as a lecturer, in the hope that other Catholic gentlemen, fully as competent as he was, would be induced to follow his example, and deliver to the united Societies occasional lectures, as nothing, he conceived, was more calculated to convey instruction to the members. A lecturer might convey to them, in the course of an hour, the result of months—perhaps years—of reading and reflection, and which those following industrial pursuits could not, generally speaking, find time for. A vote of thanks to Mr. Blake was proposed by Mr. John Lawler, and seconded by Mr. Manning, T. C., and having been put from the chair by the President (Augustus P. Maher, Esq.), was adopted, with acclamation, by the meeting, which then separated, apparently much pleased with the proceedings of the evening—*Chronicle.*

As some men were engaged putting on board a lighter, lying at the Parade, some balks of shipping timber, to be conveyed across the river to Mr. White's dock yard, two balks of that prepared kind which will not float were hoisted off the quay into the boat, when immediately, overbalancing the off side, the boat lurched and five men and the timber were precipitated into the river, and immediately sunk. The people on shore cried out that the men were killed, as it was supposed that the timber had fallen on and killed them. In a moment three of the men rose where they fell out, and swam towards shore, the two others rose about ten yards off and also swam for their lives. They were all fortunately uninjured, and by some men who fortunately came to their rescue in boats, they were lifted out of the water. Their escape appeared miraculous.—*Mail.*

About a thousand tons of Bilberry rock, one of the high hills close to Waterford city, fell down recently, with a loud noise. One person only was passing at the time, and he ran off safe, having noticed premonitory symptoms of the land-slip. The hill had been partially undermined by a road recently made along the river's edge.

Wexford.

A communication has been received by the Colonel of the Wexford Militia from which it appears that the disembodiment of that regiment is agreed upon.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Extraordinary Appearance.—On Sunday, the 31st of October, at about half-past 12 o'clock in the day, a remarkable phenomenon was noticed at about 45 degrees elevation in the south-western sky, having the exact appearance of the Crucifixion. A cross of well-defined character seemed to rest against the blue expanse, on which was visible the outline of a human form with outstretched arms. The vision, if it may be so termed, continued distinct for upwards of a quarter of an hour, and then gradually becoming more faint and shadowy, disappeared towards the north. This remarkable object was seen at the same hour by persons living half a mile distant from each other, some of whom called their friends and relatives to gaze upon so novel and interesting a spectacle. The cross was represented by one who saw it as having been sharp in its outline, as if it had been shaved by a plane; others were so struck by it, and lost in amazement, as to be scarcely able to describe it, except by saying that it gave the idea of the Crucifixion most impressively. The height of the cross was variously estimated, but all agree that its lower part and the lower part of the form suspended upon it, were wreathed in what resembles the folds of loose drapery. Two or three light fleecy clouds, very small, were observed near to the cross, which moved in the same direction with it, and the cross itself assumed a somewhat luminous appearance as it approached the north, and vanished. It certainly is remarkable that the impression produced by it was so uniform, that all who saw it should attest the vividness and correctness with which the image was portrayed. Doubtless, other particulars than those here mentioned may have been noticed both as to the first appearance of the light and as to its subsequent evanishing, although, if a mere cloud picture, it will have been seen from only a limited locality.—*South Australian Register.*

New Chapel of Ardagh.—The Dowager, Lady Fetheston, of Ardagh House, having granted (in perpetuity) a most eligible site for the erection of a new chapel in Ardagh parish, the priests and people have lost no time in making preparations and collecting funds for its erection; and on the first Sunday of Advent, being the second day of the collection, the munificent sum of one thousand pounds was received as subscriptions towards the good work. It is a happy coincidence, that a new chapel, so much needed, is about being erected contemporaneously with the new town of Ardagh. The present proprietress, the Dowager Lady Fetherston, having lately purchased the entire of the grounds on which the town was built, has erected thereon a wholly new town, all the houses of which are of cut stone, and perfect models of cottage residences. Ardagh is not without its historical and literary associations. The ruins of one of the most ancient Cathedrals in Ireland—the old Cathedral of St. Mel—are still a conspicuous object in the town. It was in the "best house" of Ardagh—Ardagh House—that Oliver Goldsmith, a man of whom Ireland is not sufficiently proud, fell into the ludicrous mistake which he afterwards made the groundwork of his inimitable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer; or, the Mistakes of a Night." It was also in honor of a member of the house of Ardagh that Turlough O'Carolan, the Prince of Irish bards, composed a song pre-eminent, even among his musical compositions, for melody.

Influence of Painting.—At Blenheim, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, there is a Madonna, into which the old Catholic painter has tried to cast the religious conceptions of the middle ages—virgin purity and infinite repose. The look is upward, the predominant color of the picture blue, which we know has in itself a strange power to lull and soothe. It is impossible to gaze on this picture without being conscious of a calming influence. During that period of the year in which the friends of the young men of Oxford come to visit their brothers or sons, and Blenheim becomes a place of favorite resort, I have stood aside near that picture, to watch its effects on the different gazers, and have seen group after group of young undergraduates and ladies, full of life and noisy spirits, unconsciously stilled before it, the countenance relaxing into calmness, and the voice sinking to a whisper. The painter had spoken his message, and human beings, age after age, felt what he meant to say.

Malta—Saluting the Host.—The following garrison order has been the source of much bitterness: "All guards to turn out to the Archbishop of Malta, and all sentries to carry arms and present arms when the Host passes." Captain Sheffield, of the 21st Regt., having refused to obey the above, has been ordered under arrest, and will in all probability be tried by court-martial. Sheffield, it is reported, is ready to submit to any punishment rather than do homage to the Host. Some years ago, General Aitchison, now Governor of Dover Castle, while commanding a company of artillery at Malta, was dismissed the service for refusing to salute the Host.

Ecclesiastical Statistics of the Diocese of Liverpool.—The diocese of Liverpool far outnumbers in priests, churches, and chapels, any of the other dioceses of England. The priests on the Mission are 144, the number of its churches and chapels 96. During the year 1858, five or six new churches were opened, and several are in course of erection. We may instance in particular the new church at Lancaster, which, when completed, will be a most magnificent structure. It is expected to be opened during the present year.

The Cathedral, Killarney.—The area between the Cathedral and the outer approach has been tastefully planted with ornamental trees and shrubs, presented, it is said, by Mr. Henry Herbert, M.P., by whose gardener they were put down. A new roadway passes from Dinah bridge in front of the Cathedral, along the river or streamlet, which the old familiar port and embankment, affording a pleasant pathway, confine. Much difficulty has been found in obtaining possession of some small residences and allotments near the Cathedral, by which the dignity and beauty of the edifice as well as the approaches are somewhat marred; but it is hoped that an accommodation with the occupiers of the premises will be effected. A new road from the High street of Killarney is projected, and, no doubt, will be opened in due time, so that this noble temple may be easily accessible for public worship to residents on all sides.

Convent of Mercy, Clifden, Co. Galway.—The interesting ceremony of the solemn profession of two novices, Miss Bodkin and Miss M'Namara, took place in the parish church of Clifden, on the feast of the Purification of the ever Blessed Mother of Mercy. Miss O'Connor, from the county of Roscommon, has arrived, and has assumed the attire of a postulant. A new double school-house has been given by Mr. Eyre, of Bath, England, each room of which is 100 feet long by 30 feet broad. A portion of the convent is at present set apart for the use of those orphans discarded or deserted by the world, but now fostered under the broad wing of mercy. It is truly no exaggeration to say that such an asylum was much needed; for owing to famine, pestilence, and wholesale evictions, 400 families have been turned adrift at one sweep, giving causes sufficient to produce destitution and orphanage to a large amount.

New Church at Rome.—It is reported, on good authority, that a new Church is about to be built at the English College in Rome. It is to be Italian-Gothic in style, and the interior will be richly decorated with a great variety of those beautiful marbles for which the country is so famous. The skill of the architect will be shown in making Gothic architecture conform with the requirements of the climate, and harmonize with classical and Christian Rome. The work is entrusted to Mr. Pugin, and is shortly to be commenced.

Month's Memory for the Rev. Mr. Foley, P.P., Doora, County Clare.—The month's memory for the above respected and much lamented clergyman was celebrated on Wednesday, the 19th January, in the Catholic Chapel of Barefield, the Very Rev. Dean Kenny, P.P., V.G., Ennis, presiding. The numerous congregation present on the occasion testified by their solemn and pious demeanor the great veneration in which they held their deceased pastor.

The Right Rev. Dr. Blake.—It must be gratifying to Catholics in general, and to his numerous friends in particular, to learn that the revered, venerable, and patriotic Bishop of Dromore has so far recovered from his late serious attack of illness as to be able to leave Rathmines (where he was ordered for change of air, &c.,) for Newry, the seat for so many years of his apostolical labors.

St. Marie's Church, Sheffield.—A grand service has taken place in the above church, according to an annual custom, when Hadyn's "Imperial Mass" was sung, with orchestral accompaniment, by the choir of the church. An eloquent sermon was preached, morning and evening, by the Rev. J. Illingworth, of Halifax, to a numerous audience in aid of the fund for liquidating the debt on the church.

St. Goderic, Durham.—Immediate steps are to be taken for the erection of this much required Church. Mr. Pugin has been requested to prepare the necessary designs. St. Goderic is a local saint, and his name has been appropriately selected for the dedication of the proposed Church.

Cardinal Wiseman's Drama.—"The Hidden Gem," a drama in two acts, by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, is being produced at the Liverpool Catholic Institute Christmas plays. "The Hidden Gem" occupies about two hours and a half in the representation.

Profession of a Nun at Namur.—A young Irish lady, Miss Ellen Byrne, second daughter of Mr. David Byrne, of Enniscorthy, has made her profession at Namur, in Belgium, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Luceus.

The funeral of Father Edward Lynch took place on Friday, the 14th ult. There was present thirty priests, and the bishop. After High Mass, of which the Rev. Charles O'Reilly, administrator of Crosserlough, was celebrant, the bishop gave a long discourse on the merits of the deceased. The congregation was made up not only from Crosserlough, but the surrounding parishes, and in particular from Ballintemple, which was Father Edward's first mission. He was eight years in Ballintemple, and five in Crosserlough. His exertions during the famine years in Ballintemple can never be forgotten, and his Lordship alluded to this in his discourse. He was buried in Crosserlough Chapel.—*Meath People.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, has been on a visit with the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven at Adare Manor, where the distinguished prelate remained for some days enjoying the intellectual association of the noble and liberal owner, the scenic and architectural attractions of the demesne and neighborhood, and the works of art and elegance with which the mansion house is adorned. On his way to Killarney the Right Rev. Prelate visted his relative, Joseph B. Kennedy, of Limerick.—*Munster News.*

A gentleman writing to a friend in Killarney says: "I was most agreeably surprised at visiting the Parish Chapel of Kilcummin, on seeing a beautiful figure of the 'Madonna and Child,' erected at the left side of the altar. The Madonna stands six feet, with crown and sceptre, the child resting on the left hand, a life-like representation of 'Overbeck's' new style of Christian art—I believe the first model of the sort imported to this country, and furnished by the firm of 'Burns and Lambert,' London. This statue was solemnly blessed by the Bishop of Kerry, on St. Stephen's Day, the first ceremony of the sort in Kerry for over 300 years. His Lordship gave a lucid sermon on the occasion.

By this time we believe the Very Rev. Dr. M'Enroe, one of the leading clergy of Australia, has arrived in England, on a mission to the Cardinal Archbishop and other dignitaries (including Dr. Newman), in whom is to be vested the selection of the first Rector of the College of St. John in the newly-created University of Sydney.—*Weekly Register.*

The Very Rev. Abbe Scally, Prior of Knocktopher, opened a new branch in his College of the Immaculate Conception, on the 2d of Feb., for the "*cursus completus*" of ecclesiastical students for the Foreign Missions.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

The *Messager de la Charite* announces that the eastern Church having now adopted the Gregorian Calendar, for the first time for 300 years, the two Churches United their voices on the same night to celebrate the birth of tho Saviour.

Very Rev. T. Kelly, P.P., thankfully acknowledges the receipt of five pounds from the Rev. Mr. Moran, P.P., Newmarket on Fergus, towards the fund for the Catholic Church, Kilrush.

The Rev. T. Daly, P. P., Ardara, thankfully acknowledges the sum of £2 contributed for the improvement of Begha School, by —— Russell, Esq., agent of the Marquis of Conyngham.

One of the consequences of the treaty of Tien-Tsing will, the *Univers* states, be the reorganization of the Catholic bishoprics in China. Several new Sees will be created.

The Bishop of Angers has just re-established the Roman Liturgy within his diocese.

In an article upon "Spiritual Destitution in England," the *Quarterly Review* avails itself of Mr. Horace Mann's Statistics, to show that the cry for Church accommodation is worse than idle. At the three services on the Census Sundays, there was an aggregate attendance in all places of worship amounting to 7,261,032 persons, while the total number of sittings within reach was 20,226,797. As far as we are concerned in this question, there cannot be a moment's doubt that we have no part in the excess of accommodation over worshippers. Mr. Mann and the Bishop of Exeter's Committee must settle matters between them. The reviewer writes: "'There are 5,000 000 and more of people,' says Mr. Mann, 'who might go to church or chapel, and don't go. What will you do with them?' 'Build more churches,' says the Lords' Committee. 'But they will not go to them,' repeats Mr. Mann; 'and they do not go to them,' confesses the Rev. Mr. Stooks. 'Build more churches,' continues the Lords' Committee."

IRISH DEATHS.

January 24, in Dublin, Eleanor Anne Rutledge, wife of George Rutledge, late of Togher House, Co. Mayo.

January 24, at Irishtown, Mr Michael Kavanagh.

January 23, at Upper Merrion street, in the 70th year of her age, Dorah, daughter of the late John Cassidy, of Monasterevan, and relict of the late William Lewis, of Harlech, county Dublin.

January 25, at North Great George's street, Dublin, Harriet Mary, daughter of Daniel Lombard, of Mount Mary, county Cork.

January 23, at his residence, No. 35 Gardiner's place, William Dix, aged 78 years.

January 23, at 109 Cork street, Mr. James Clarke.

January 19, suddenly, at the house of a relative, in Killead, Mr. Hugh M'Cann, of Ballylurgan, near Randalstown, deeply regretted.

January 19, Mr. Robert Phelan, of the O'Neill Arms Hotel, Toome, aged 36 years.

January 20, in Belfast, of puerperal fever, Marianne, wife of William Tood, and daughter of the late John B. Robinson of Clontarf.

January 17, at his residence, Dominick street, Galway, A. W. Y. M'Lellan, Collector of Inland Revenue.

January 20, at his brother's residence, Castle White, Cork, suddenly, Swithen White, aged 50 years.

January 22, in Cork, Marcus West Loane, M.D., aged 80 years.

January 18, Michael Long, of the Paddock, Cork, aged 72 years

In Feakle House, Limerick, the residence of his son, Matthew Purcell, John Purcell, aged 77 years.

January 23, at Prospect terrace, Belfast, Anna Berkeley, child of Dr. Mulholland.

January 21, at Newry, the Rev. Wm. Wallace, Presbyterian minister, aged 82 years.

January 23, at 68 South Mall, Cork, Amelia, daughter of Walter Fitzsimons, solicitor.

January 20, Martha, wife of Dr. James Boyd, of Bannow, county Wexford.

At Turkshead House, Kilcool, county Wicklow, James M'Donnell, aged 67 years.

January 20, at Prospect, Mayo, in the 60th year of her age, Lydia Jemima Frances Moore, daughter of the late George Moore, Barrister-at-Law.

At Ardfinan Castle, the residence of her son, Mrs. Prendergast, widow of the late Robert Prendergast, formerly of Marlhill.

January 11, at his residence, Dobbycot, near Mountmellick, in the 103d year of his age, Mr. Matthew Corcoran.

January 22, at Drummond, Ballykelly, Arthur Sampson, J.P., agent for the Company of Fishmongers, London, aged 64.

In Carrick-on-Suir, the wife of B. Forde, deeply regretted.

January 26, at Ashmount, county Galway, after a short illness of fever, Michael Kelly, land agent to Anthony P. Nugent, of Pallas.

January 12, Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Daly, Portglenone.

January 25, at Limerick, Mr. D. Miller, aged 70.

January 18, at Bridge street, Derry, Mr. James Stirling, much regretted.

At Ramelton, Mr. Alexander Black, aged 79 years.

At Denmark street, Kilkenny, Mr. Joseph Burley, aged 70 years.

O'CONNELL IN HIS MOUNTAIN HOME.

[*From the Lamp.*]

In the autumn of 1840 I was engaged on a professional tour as a civil engineer in the southwest of Ireland, and one wet morning, accompanied by a friend, set out from O'Sullivan's Hotel, Kenmare, to explore the mountains of the Far West. The rain was falling in torrents, and our vehicle afforded us little shelter; our driver might as well have been in the costume of Adam, of so little protection was his scanty raiment against the pitiless pelting of the storm. At length, at a pretty late hour, we reached the hospitable residence of ——, at West Cove. On the following day my companion crossed the mountain in the direction of Lough Currane, and I proceeded to Darrynane.

The mansion is situated on the verge of the ocean, near the mouth of the river Kenmare. Its position is so low, and so near the water's edge, that sandbanks have been raised by means of hurdles, to protect it from the encroachment of the waves. It presents no appearance of unity of design, or regularity of outline, but is rather a collection of buildings, parts having been added from time to time, as necessity, or the taste of the proprietors suggested. The abbey (now in ruins), from which it takes its name, is situated on an island at a short distance. On my arrival I was ushered into the presence of the Liberator; he was then in his study, *en robe de chambre*. On the wall at his left was a portrait of himself. In front an engraving of the Crucifixion; at his right was seated his secretary, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, and on the floor was a heap of books, as if recently taken from packing cases. As I entered he arose, and warmly took me by the hand. When I explained to him the object of my mission into that part of the country, he inquired for his sons, who were out, with the exception of Morgan, to whose care he committed me, and through whom I received a most hospitable invitation.

Dinner was announced at five o'clock, the usual hour being half-past six. On entering the dining-room from the drawing-room, we found the Liberator standing at the head of the table, wearing a black frock coat and cap. He bowed to me and the other strangers as we entered, and remained standing until all were seated. His manner during dinner was exceedingly pleasing and courteous. He seemed to take great pleasure in personally helping his guests, and anticipating their wants. When complimented on his good looks, he jocularly remarked that "he was as well as a man could be after this little Lent." When his grandchildren were introduced into the room, he took much pleasure in showing his guests the precocity of young Dan, a fine child about three years old. He got him to recite "Where is the slave so lowly," &c., and "Richard gave Robert a rap on the ribs," &c., the child's enunciation of the latter giving great amusement. About a quarter of an hour after the ladies withdrew, he retired to his study, his son Maurice taking his place, until we joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

The following morning was ushered in by a cloudless sun, whose light in my bedroom was tinged with a roseate hue from the carnation curtains on the windows. This being Sunday, I had an opportunity of seeing the mode of family worship. At about half-past ten o'clock the officiating clergyman was announced, when the household moved in order to an oratory in the rear of the house, where the solemn service of the Catholic Church was performed. It was edifying to obsserve the deep sense of devotion with which the audience seemed impressed, and in particular the Liberator, who recited in a clear tone, alternately with the priest, the verses of the *De profundis*.

There were field sports on three days in the week—usually on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. On the Thursday after my arrival, I was aroused at break of day by the sound of the huntsman's horn, calling the slumberers to the chase. Our party was soon afoot; it consisted of the Liberator, his sons, his visitors, the huntsmen in red and green, and a number of the peasantry. The ground selected was Caherdaniel Mountain, which looks down on Darrynane, and from which the view is exceedingly picturesque and grand, with the blue peaks of Magillicuddy's Reeks on the one hand, and the wide expanse of ocean on the other; and if it be true, as writers say, that to "love our country, our country must be lovely," no spot could be selected more favorable to the growth of the poet or the patriot. The game was soon started, and with light steps and lighter hearts we moved over the heather, cheered by the merry cry of the beagles, who were now awakening the echoes of the mountains. The Liberator appeared in high spirits, and heartily to enjoy the sport; he followed the dogs with as much ardor as the youngest amongst us, and whenever he wished the hare to double, he blew a whistle, which was suspended from his neck, the shrill note of which invariably had the desired effect. When complimented upon his address and activity, he seemed much pleased, and remarked, that "he believed that it was in some measure owing to the excitement, for he enjoyed the sport with all the rapture of a schoolboy." It was understood that, until two hares were caught, breakfast would not be served. When this was achieved, the party adjourned to a sheltered nook to discuss the morning meal; after which the sport was resumed with fresh ardor. As the shades of evening approached, with six hares as trophies, we turned our steps towards the abbey. On the way our chief distributed a considerable sum of money among the poor, one of the attendants supplying him with silver from a small bag, which was carried for that purpose. There were nine or ten new arrivals on this evening, amongst whom was his relative, Mr. Lyne, whom he greeted with a blast of the huntsman's horn.

At seven o'clock the tinkling of a tiny bell announced that dinner was served: it consisted of the choicest viands, the richest wines, and all the delicacies of the season. As was the custom, the festivities were conducted *en ceremonie*, the guests being in full dress, the domestics in livery, &c. Amongst those that surrounded the hospitable board were the daughters and daughters-in-law of our host. At this social *reunion* our host was the cynosure that attracted attention. He told amusing anecdotes of some of the leading members of both Houses of Parliament; of the Bishop of Exeter, that being a member of a committee on education, he asked a priest who was under examination, "How many Masses were said in the morning?" and again, "how many were said in the evening?" Such a question from a prelate was, to say the least, unexpected. He seemed much pleased in telling the following of the then Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Sandes. That when Provost of Trinity College, and canvassed by the late Lord Plunkett, he replied that he never could think of voting for the man that made the uncalled for speech that he did against poor Emmett. He expressed the warmest affection for his "dear friend Wolfe," who, when attorney-general, and offered the chief-baronship, withdrew his claims in favor of himself. Addressing Mr. Strickland (son of Sir G. Strickland, M.P.), he was enthusiastic in his admiration of St. Thomas a Beckett, who, as the assertor of the people's rights, nobly withstood the tyranny of the second Henry. He detailed the particulars of his murder, and gave an account of a pilgrimage which he and his daughters made to the tomb of the saint at Canterbury. Two battle-axes that were dug out from beneath the foundations of his father's house were laid on the table, which led to a very interesting discussion regarding the modes of Irish and Roman warfare. As an instance of the goodness of his memory, I may mention that two of the guests, one of whom was a student from Oxford, gave somewhat different descriptions of the number and constitution of the Roman legion. The words having reached his ear, he said that the Oxonian's account was correct, and referred to the time of the republic, when the legion was in the highest state of efficiency, and that the other account was derived from Gibbon, who was describing what remained of the legion at the time that the empire was tottering to its fall.

On entering the drawing-room, our ears were saluted with the joyous notes of the piano, and the still more joyous voices which it accompanied. The mothers were delighting in the smiles and gambols of their children, and some of the younger portion of the company were grouped apart, studying their *roles* in the comedy of "The Rivals," which was to be represented a few evenings after.

That the great Tribune was a chieftain in his mountain home was apparent from many of the feudal customs that were observable; from his dispensing justice to the peasantry in his hall; from his being addressed by his retainers in the Irish language; from the pleasure he took in showing his guests the weapons of his ancestors; and from his hospitalities, which were on a most princely scale, and to which every stranger was welcome, no matter what his creed or politics were.

Few men possessed the qualities that constitute the charm of private life in a more eminent degree than did our illustrious countryman; his stern virtues, his struggles for fatherland were every day before the public, but it was only in the social circle that the kindness of his nature, and the gentle playfulness of his manners, could be fully seen and appreciated.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ENGLAND.

Death of Henry Hallam.—The death of Hallam, the historian of the English Constitution, is announced. He died at the age of 81. The deceased was educated at Eton and Oxford. He afterwards settled in London, where he has since resided. In 1830 he received one of the two fifty guinea gold medals, instituted by George IV., for eminence in historical composition, the other being awarded to Washington Irving. He was at an early period engaged as a contributor for the Edinburgh *Review*, contemporaneously with his friend Sir Walter Scott, and he bore an active part in Mr. Wilberforce's great movement for abolishing the slave trade. It was on the death of Mr. Hallam's son, who was engaged to be married to his sister, that Tennyson, the poet laureate, wrote his "In Memoriam." Mr. Hallam's works are "The Constitutional History of England," 2 vols. 8vo.; "An Introduction to the Literary History of Europe during the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries," 3 vols. 8vo.

Passengers between Europe and North America.—The following is the number of passengers who crossed the Atlantic to and from Europe and North America by the mail and passenger steamers during the year 1858, viz.: By Cunard's steamers, 9,125; by the Liverpool and New York screw line, 10,576; by the Vanderbilt line, 6,814; by the Galway line, 3,401; by the Glasgow line, 3,784; by the Hamburgh line, 9,254; by Collins' line, 157; by the Fulton and Arago, 3,704; by the Bremen line, 1,665; by the Portland and Liverpool line, 1,151; by other steamers, 888. Total number, 50,019.

The Channel Fleet.—Admiral Napier thus writes to the Earl of Derby: "My Lord—In the present disturbed state of Europe—is it safe, that France, with an army of 500,000 men, should have the command of the Channel? Between Brest and Cherbourg there are thirteen or fourteen sail of the line (the half at Cherbourg), either manned or ready to be manned, and France has the means of manning a fleet which we have not, and she may bring the crew of the Toulon fleet to Cherbourg by rail, but we cannot bring the crew of the Mediterranean fleet to Portsmouth by rail. Under these circumstances I strongly recommend your lordship to call on the Commission for Manning the Navy to make their report, and to order our first reserve to be manned, and the second reserve to be prepared. Montalembert told us we had no friends in Europe, and what combinations may take place in the spring we do not know; and we ought not to forget that Russia has a large fleet in the Baltic always manned, and they are not far from our eastern coast. Do not forget, my lord, that Napoleon I. formed an army of reserve at Dijon, and was across the Alps before Austria was aware of it. Napoleon III. may cross the Channel before we know what we are about."

Extraordinary Fossil Remains.—There have recently been discovered in one of the limestone quarries at Oreston, near Plymouth, the teeth, bones, and other remains of lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, horses, hyenas, and other animals. This discovery has created quite a sensation in the geological world. The extreme remoteness of the age when these animals existed in Britain may be judged from the fact that the cavern from which the fossils were extracted is situate in the solid rock in the cliff of a quarry which is about 1,000 feet from the edge of the sea. The cavern was 70 feet above the level of high water, and 35 feet below the surface of the field above; it was 20 feet long, 10 feet high, and about 70 feet wide. There was no aperture or other indication of its locality. Among the contents is the jaw of an animal of the horse species in stalagmite, exceedingly perfect. This is said to be the first ever found in stalagmite, and if so, establishes facts and gives rise to theories entirely new in geology. The fossils are in the possession of Mr. Joseph, mineralogist of Plymouth.

The War Question.—Europe has been trying, but has failed, to shake off the conviction that a war is impending. Pacific assurances are easily given, but there is no explaining away those unceasing warlike preparations, this heaping up of ammunition, this busy casting of cannon and manufacture of small arms, this movement of large armies and occupation of strategetic positions. The alliance which is now believed to have been effected between France and Sardinia—an outward and visible sign of which is the marriage of Prince Napoleon and the daughter of Victor Emanuel—is taken as almost a pledge of coming strife. A strange marriage this, bringing with it no halcyon days, and having a tinge of blood all over the honeymoon! Austria, however, whose possessions are threatened, is strong, well-prepared, and self-reliant—evidently determined to hold her own, and disappoint the expectations of Prince Napoleon's father-in-law.—*Nation*.

Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.—A gentleman residing at Darlington, who had married his deceased wife's sister, has recently been openly expelled from the communion in the face of the whole congregation by the officiating minister of his parish, with the sanction of the bishop of the diocese.—*Durham Chronicle*.

FRANCE.

A Warning to Dog-Fanciers.—A lady of some property residing in the Rue des Vignes, at Vaugirard, was possessed of a huge mastiff, which, being very savage, had to be constantly chained up, but which she prized because it had belonged to her late husband. According to custom, she took the animal his food, but he seemed more indocile than usual, and she gave him a beating. Watching an opportunity, he suddenly rushed upon her, threw her down, dragged off the greater part of her clothes, and bit her dreadfully in the breast, arm, and one of her legs, tearing away fragments of flesh. The lady's cries attracted some of the neighbors to the spot, and they rescued her. She requested them to strangle the animal. They accordingly passed a cord round the dog's neck, and removing his collar prepared to effect the operation; but he tugged so violently at the cord that he broke it, and rushed into the room where the lady had been conveyed. The door was closed on him, and he tried to force it open, but failed. On this, barking furiously, he rushed towards the people who remained in the courtyard, but they were able to escape by the door and to close it. The commissary of police, who had been sent for, now arrived, accompanied by some gendarmes, and he made them kill the animal. Medical assistance having been obtained for the unfortunate lady, it was found that she was in a fearful state, but hopes are entertained that she may recover. The dog was, after death, examined by a veterinary surgeon, and he declared that he was neither mad nor laboring under any malady. He further declared that in his belief the animal must have had a sort of instinctive hatred of his mistress.—*Paris paper*.

The Archduchess Marie Ann.—The *Moniteur* contains the following: "The Emperor has received a letter from the Emperor of Austria, announcing the death of the Archduchess Marie Anne (aunt of the Emperor Francis Joseph). The Emperor Napoleon has gone into mourning for four days."

Oysters.—A very interesting report has been recently made to the French Government on the results of experiments made for the improvement of oyster-beds. The locality chosen was a portion of the Bay of St. Brieuc, on the coast of Brittany. Between March and April about 3,000,000 of oysters, taken from different parts of the sea, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds in the above bay. The bottom was previously covered with old oyster-shells and boughs of trees arranged like fascines. To these the young oysters attach themselves, and so fruitful are the results that one of the fascines was found at the end of six months to have no less than 20,000 young oysters on it. The report further states that 12,000 hectares may be brought into full bearing in three years at an annual expense not exceeding 10,000 francs.

The French Merchant Navy.—According to an official statement prepared on the 1st of January last, the French commercial navy consists of 14,900 sailing ships. Of these 11,090 belong to French ports on the Atlantic, and 3,810 to ports on the Mediterranean. The French commercial navy, moreover, possesses 330 steam vessels, of which 182 belong to ports on the Atlantic and 148 to ports on the Mediterranean.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* states that the warlike preparations are going on actively. The breaking out of hostilities would seem not to be a question of weeks but of days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. Letters from Tulon state that 62 war transports are to be ready for March 1st. The supplemental surgeons in the military hospitals of Paris and Marseilles have been ordered to hold themselves ready for active service. In the artillery there are companies in which five-sixths of the men are exempted from regular duty, because they are making cartridges.

The state of the working classes of England is commented on most unfavorably by the *Union*, which founds its observations on M. Leon Faucher's report to the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, dated 1841. "The English people," it says, "get drunk on Saturday evening and the whole of Sunday. The English workman never takes exercise, and never visits the country. Even the cemetaries and botanical gardens are closed on Sundays. This is the result of cheap production at any price!"

ITALY.

Rumored Conspiracy.—A correspondent writes to the Brussels *Independance:* "After the attempt of Orsini, a special police force, charged with the surveillance of refugees, was organized in London. This force, composed partly of Frenchmen and partly of English, recently became aware of a plot which was to break out on the day of the prince's marriage at Naples. An *emeute* would put the capital into confusion, while a disembarkation would be effected in the neighborhood and aggravate the movement, but the English and French governments considered it their interest to stop at the beginning an agitation which might compromise the peace of Europe. The King, therefore, was put upon his guard. Some Orsinian shells were seized in a house in the environs of Naples, but the authorities were not able to prevent the distribution of political pamphlets and portraits of 'King Murat,' which was to be the watchword of the insurrection. The King of Naples has shown himself extremely thankful for the service rendered him by France and England, and I have reason to believe that the mission of the Duke Serra Capriola is connected with these events."

Orlando Furioso.—From all accounts that reach me from the Piedmontese capital, the cry there is still for war. An ingenious bookworm has discovered a passage in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, which, indeed, had it been written with a special view to the present crisis, could not be more apposite. It is quoted with enthusiasm in every *salon* and *cafe* in Turin. Your readers who may be curious in such matters will find the following lines at the 42d stanza of the 33d canto:

"Ecco torna il Francese
Vedete poi l'esercito che sotto
La ruota di fortuna era caduto,
Creato il nuovo Re che si prepara
Dall' onta vendicar che ebbe a Novara."

—*Paris Lettsr.*

The following are extracts from a private letter dated Milan, 21st January: "In point of strength Austria is prepared for all eventualities, for within the last few days 30,000 fresh troops, of whom one regiment only was German, and the remainder Hungarians and Sclavonians, have arrived in Lombardy, accompanied by powerful trains of artillery and abundant munitions of war. The journey of the troops and stores were performed by rail, and the entire distance between Vienna and Milan was accomplished in seventy hours. The men have been quartered in the towns and on the frontiers of Piedmont and Switzerland. In Milan, no instance has occurred of soldiers being billeted in private houses. The strictest discipline is maintained, and no cause for complaint has been given. On Twelfth Night the public authorities were informed that an attempt at insurrection was intended, and all due precautions were in consequence taken to prevent it. Orders were issued for all officers to repair to the castle. Its fortifications were dismantled of twenty-seven guns, which were planted on the esplanade so as to sweep the adjacent streets, but night passed away and no movement occurred. Patrols were sent round to explore the city, but the people kept to

their houses, as usual, or diverted themselves in the cafes and theatres. In truth, the entire population was tranquil. Several low characters have been apprehended by the police, and every night fresh arrests are made, a measure by which the danger of any attempt to plunder the inhabitants is averted; but I can assure you there have been no political arrests. The police have made a list of suspected characters, and divided them into three classes, and a watchful eye is kept upon them; indeed, the surveillance is most strict, but no person has been molested, and the passport system is relaxed. At Pavia matters stand differently. The most peaceful of the citizens, and even professors of the university, are subjected to search when detected from home during the evening, and after six, P.M., all houses and shops are closed as if the town were in a state of siege, but no evidence has been obtained to bring to light the assassin of M. Briccio."

A letter from Parma, in the *Opinione* of Turin, states that on the 20th ult., a tri-colored flag was found nailed over the gate of the University, just above the ducal escutcheon. The revolutionary emblem was immediately removed by the police.

A rise in the market at Genoa has been produced by the purchase of 35,000 hectolitres of wheat on account of the Piedmontese government.

A Vienna letter says that tranquillity is perfectly re-established in Lombardy, and that if agitation exists in people's minds, it is not manifested by any overt act.

The family of the Grand Duke of Tuscany have arrived at Naples. The King and Queen of Prussia were expected.

A rumor is prevalent at Naples that a camp is to be formed on the Roman frontier.

SPAIN.

The Madrid journals, of the 17th January, state that the new bill on the Press drawn up by the government is conceived in a liberal spirit. A committee of the Chamber of Deputies had declared in favor of the government project for setting apart the large sum of 2 000,000,000 reals for public works. In the Chamber, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in reply to a question as to whether the government was fully in favor of Free Trade or Protection, said that he could not answer the question, inasmuch as the matter was one of such importance that even England and France, the most advanced nations, had not yet settled it; but he could assure the Chamber that in any measures the government might adopt it would conciliate the interests of agriculture, commerce, and manufactures. A recent statistical return shows that as many as 1,004,974 children are now receiving instruction in public and private schools, and 468,050 of them gratuitously. Government, suspecting a project got up in order to rescue the Neapolitan transported prisoners, on their arrival at Cadiz, have taken measures to prevent it.

PRUSSIA.

Accouchement of the Princess Royal.—Her Royal Highness the Princess Frederick William was delivered of a Prince, daughter of Queen Victoria, of England. Both are doing well. A good story is told of the Prince Regent of Prussia relative to the anticipated accouchement of the Princess Frederick William. The Colonel of artillery who received the Prince's orders as to the number of salvoes to be fired on the occasion, appeared to hesitate before he withdrew. "Well," said the Regent, "you seem to have something on your mind." Why—yes—your Royal Highness. I know how many salvoes are to be fired for a prince, and how many for a princess; but if her Royal Highness should give birth to a prince and princess?" "Then," replied the Regent, "we will remain faithful to our motto—*Suum Cuique*.

INDIA.

There is no cessation of the war in India. The Anglo-Indian papers received by the late mail are candid enough to confess that the intelligence they have to chronicle is not of a cheering character. It is coming round to the hot weather again, and the natives, knowing something of British faith, are not accepting the proclamation, but are keeping to the field; flying of course in all directions, and getting cut up and annihilated innumerable times, but yet keeping the British army employed, at a time when their masters would give much to have them at home. In the subdued districts, we perceive, the Britishers are effecting a disarming of the people, and there the natives will be at the mercy of the Britons for ever more. There is little hope for them; they will be despised as impotent slaves and treated as creatures who durst not complain under any circumstances, or, who complaining, may well be disregarded. It may be that the Indians will not be content to remain in so hopeless a position, but will speedily supply themselves with arms in place of those of which they have been deprived. The liberty to possess arms is the natural right of every intelligent man; the Indians have long enjoyed and exercised that right, and it will not be easy to get them to abandon it. Altogether, the war is likely to cost England many more lives, and much more money.—*Nation*.

Suicide by a Dog.—Some time ago, a watch-dog belonging to David Corsar and Sons, apparently being tired of this world, deliberately walked down to the side of the River Brothock, where he coolly leaped in and held his head below the water until he was drowned.—*Montrose Review*.

HOME MISCELLANY.

Was Never a Poet.—Horace Greeley, of the N. Y. *Tribune*, has written the following letter to the proprietor of the *Ledger*. It is as follows: "I perceive by your *Ledger* that you purpose to publish a volume (or perhaps several volumes) made up of Poems not contained in Mr. Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' and I heartily wish success to your enterprise. There *are* genuine poems of moderate length which cannot be found in that collection, excellent as it palpably is, and superior in value, as I deem it, to any predecessor or yet extant rival. There are, moreover, some genuine poets whose names do not figure in Mr. Dana's double index; and I thank you for undertaking to render them justice; only take care not to neutralize or nullify your chivalrous championship by burying them under a cart-load of rhymed rubbish, such as my great namesake plausibly averred that neither gods nor men can abide, and you will have rendered Literature a service and done justice to slighted Merit. But be good enough—you *must*—to exclude *me* from your new poetic Pantheon. I have no business therein—no right and no desire to be installed there. I am no poet; never was and never shall be. True, I wrote some verses in my callow days, as I presume most persons who can make intelligible penmarks have done—but I was never a poet, even in the mists of deluding fancy. All my verses, I trust, would not fill one of your pages; they were mainly written under the spur of some local or personal incitement, which long ago passed away. Though in structure metrical, they were in essence prosaic—they were read by few, and those few have kindly forgotten them. Within the last ten years, I have been accused of all possible and some impossible offences against good taste, good morals and the common weal—I have been branded aristocrat, communist, infidel, hypocrite, demagogue, disunionist, traitor, corruptionist, &c., &c.—but I cannot remember that any one has flung in my face my youthful transgressions in the way of rhyme. Do not, then, accord to the malice of my many enemies this forgotten means of annoyance. Let the dead rest? and let me enjoy the reputation, which I covet and deserve, of knowing poetry from prose, which the ruthless resurrection of my verses would subvert, since the undiscerning majority would blindly infer that *I* considered them poetry. Thine, Horace Greeley."

A Strange Childish Fancy.—A fine three-year-old boy, says the New Orleans *True Delta*, was brought to the First District Police Station, having been found astray at the corner of Poydras and Circus streets. While we were at the office, a man came and inquired anxiously of the police clerk if a child had been found by any of the officers. Mr. Williams asked for a description of the child, and the father, as the stranger announced himself, gave it. The clerk then told him to step inside, and the well-pleased "parient" produced from a pile of blankets the fine little lad aforesaid. From the account given, it appeared the child had an intense liking for following funerals. The father saw one passing by, and immed'ately hurried out to find Henny, as he called him, knowing if he was not prevented, he would start along with the solemn procession. He was informed, however, that his boy had gone home, but when he came back Henry was missing. The child had followed the funeral to the Girod street Cemetery, and then strayed around until he was discovered by the officer.

Effect of Hoops on Starch.—Hoops have taken the starch out of petticoats, according to the Buffalo *Express*, which states, on the authority of one interested in the business, that a starch factory recently put in operation in that city, with a capital of $80,000, has suspended operations, or is doing comparatively nothing; and also, that another celebrated establishment in Oswego, which has heretofore paid its ten per cent. dividends, is also running at a very small rate, and such is said to be the case with these establishments throughout the country. Skirts having given place to wood and steel stiffeners, the demand is now entirely limited to dickies, shirt collars, and wristbands.

A Costly Fiddle.—The Memphis *Appeal* says: "The violin Mr. Cooper of the opera troupe plays upon was formerly the sole instrument of 'Ole Bull,' and was sold by him to a rich amateur for $2,500, in 1840, during his visit to England. After passing through many hands, it came into the possession of the 'Earl of Falmouth,' at whose death it was sold at public auction to Mr. Cooper for $2,000. It was made in Cremona (Italy), in 1814, by Joseph Guadnerius, and is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen extant of the celebrated maker."

Death of James Montgomery.—We deeply regret to learn of the decease of James Montgomery, Vice-President of the Quincy Hibernian Benevolent Society. Mr. M. was one of the very first of the spirited Irishmen of Quincy who evinced a desire to aid in the establishment of a western Irish newspaper; and we are pained to be obliged to record his death, in its columns, before the first volume is completed. —*Peoria Standard*.

Forthcoming Work.—The *Southern Literary Messenger* announces that the first volume of the "Life of James Madison," which has been in preparation for some time past, by the Hon. W. C. Rives, is now ready for the press, and may be expected to appear early in the spring, probably from the house of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

An Idea Worthy of the "Great West."—It has been proposed by some of our western contemporaries "to unite the waters of the Upper Arkansas, the south Platte and the Kansas rivers, into one stream, to fill the bed of the latter, and make from the three inconsiderable and almost useless streams, one broad, deep, navigable river, that would open the far west country clear to the base of the mountains, and into the new auriferous regions, whither emigration and civilization are now powerfully attracted. The river, thus created, would equal the Missouri in magnitude."

A Girl Attacked by a Tiger.—Sarah B. Noble, aged fifteen years, called at the National Circus, in relation to an advertisement for girls to perform in Cinderella. Upon reaching the stage she began to caress one of the tigers, which seized her by the left arm and lacerated it in a shocking manner before it could be forced to let go its hold. So firmly were its jaws closed upon the limb that a crowbar had to be used to force the mouth open.—*Philadelphia Ledger, Feb.* 12.

A Polyglot State.—The Secretary of State of Wisconsin informs the Legislature that of the amount of money expended for public printing during the past three years, about $27,000 was for English, $30,000 for German, and $14,000 for Norwegian languages.

The Toronto correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* writes to that paper: "One of the most remarkable signs of the times is the unanimity with which all classes in America have recently done honor to Burns's memory. Only a hundred years had elapsed, on the 25th ult., since his birthday, and but one man do I find at any anniversary on this continent who well remembers him. Adam Ferrie, aged more than 80 years, and now an active member of the Canada Senate, was intimately acquainted with Robert Burns, and recites many interesting anecdotes of him. A nephew of Burns, Dr. Begg, resides in Canada, about 100 miles above Toronto; the Laprait family, to one of whom a poem was inscribed, live in Galt; a nephew of Burns's Highland Mary has his home in Esquesing. Toronto had two celebrations—one by the wealthy at $5; another, more social, if less select, at $1 50. The latter sent $80 to Scotland to poor relatives of the poet. An Earl's brother presided at the Quebec banquet; a Scotch baronet took the chair here. No poet, not even Berenger or Whittier, is more thoroughly republican than Burns, yet we had the Chief Justice (Robinson) and Judge Draper at the banquet proposing toasts. * * * Our ablest speakers, on the 25th, were Irishmen. Burns's noblest songs were inspired by the passion of love, and of those who met at the centennial to honor his memory, in Canada, not a few had never assembled together before to act in unison, and probably never will again.

The Providence *Post*, in speaking of a Providence millionaire, recently deceased, says he was worth when he died some five millions of dollars, yet he lived poorer than most men not worth one thousand dollars. Salt codfish was a standard dish with him, and even in his last sickness, it is said, that he upbraided those who had the care of him for their extravagance in providing delicacies for him, assuring them that he could not afford it. His snuff he kept in a large box, and bought by the cent's worth. There was but one store in Providence, and that on India Point, where he could get his box filled for a cent, and the old man used to patronize that store, more than a mile distant, whenever his box required filling.

The Boston *Traveler* has the following mysterious statement: "We regret to hear that a gentleman of this city, of distinguished literary and scientific attainments, one who bears a venerated name, and whose genius and science has given an important improvement to the cities of the United States, has been so far bewildered in the mazes of spiritualism as to believe that he is wrongly mated with an amiable and devoted wife, and has found his spiritual affinity with another young lady. As we have been informed, the wife, though heart-broken by the development, and having one child, has assented to the request of her husband for a separation, and he has gone to Indiana to procure a divorce in order that he may marry his new affinity."

The bark Tangier, of some seven hundred tons burden, has gone to sea from Baltimore, where she has been loaded with gas machinery, mains, materials, and men for the erection of gas works to supply the city of Guayaquil, in South America. The Republic of Ecuador, of which Guayaquil is the principal seaport city, has granted most liberal privileges to E. R. Sprague, of Baltimore, with a monopoly of the gas business, in all its branches, for a period of forty years. This grant is now being availed of, and a few months will bring to us the intelligence that Guayaquil, upon the Pacific, is lighted with gas through the enterprise of Baltimore.

The Gallatin (Tenn.) *Examiner* notices a curiosity which appeared in that place lately. It was a man named Horn, who has been living in Wilson County, ten or twelve miles above Gallatin, for upwards of forty years, and had never before seen a town. He took a look at the houses and streets, paid a visit to the railroad depot, saw the iron horse, and was vastly pleased.

Gaffrard, the new President of the Republic of Hayti, is a man somewhat advanced in years; his hairs are grey, and he has the appearance of having seen a good deal of life. He is at least 50 years old. He is nearly black, but still has some white blood in his veins.

The Queen of Spain has granted the Cross of Knight Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel, the Catholic, to Mr. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Her Majesty, wishing to render the grace more complete, has ordered the insignia to be transmitted to the grantee. Mr. Morse is at present at Arroya, in Puerto Rico, where one of his daughters, who married a rich planter, is living. He is associated with the project of a transatlantic telegraph line to connect Cadiz with Cuba.

The official returns of the revenue of the Island of Cuba, both land sea, for the month of November, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, have just been published. They add up for the former $559 016; for the latter $762,326. Total $1,321,343 for the month mentioned. The total income of the Island from both sources for the first eleven months of the past year amounts to $16 573,198, upwards of sixteen millions and a half dollars. The income of the Island for the same period last year was $15,862 283.

The treasurer of the town of Erin, in Washington County, Wis., who had collected the town taxes, absented himself one evening last week, informing his wife that he would not be back that night. During the same night, the same man attempted to enter his own house through a window, with the intention, no doubt, of stealing the tax-money, and was shot by a pedlar who was stopping at the house over night, he supposing him to be a burglar.

A young gentleman connected with the express office at Stillwater, Minnesota, had occasion to go to Arcola, on business requiring speed, whereupon he harnassed a fine Newfoundland dog to a light hand-sled and made the journey on the ice in twenty-seven minutes. The distance is seven miles, being an average of one mile in a little less than four minutes. The dog is about four years of age, but is large and powerful.

A petition is being circulated in Cincinnati to the Ohio legislature, asking that dogs shall henceforth be regarded by the law as property, and that those who steal them may be punished by imprisonment or liable to damages. Dog thieving in that city is a regular profession, where no less than ten thousand are annually stolen and taken to other cities and sold.

A man named Timberman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, having lost some money, went to a fortune teller to learn who took it. Acting upon the advice of this imposter, he accused a respectable citizen, with his wife and her sister, of having taken the money, and they have instituted proceedings against him for slander, laying their damages at $50,000.

At a recent meeting of the Historical Society of New Jersey, at Trenton, a statement was made that, previous to 1779, it was the practice in Essex County to burn negroes, on conviction of certain crimes. The gentleman who made the statement said he had seen a record of cost for the wood consumed and the iron manufactured for such occasions.

Charles A. Weeks, one of the converted actors of the revival excitement last year, who became a minister and preached with much acceptance, appeared in Troy, New York, in the play of "Retribution." Lack of pecuniary means to support a dying mother and two sisters drove him back to his old profession.

The pedlars about Syracuse, N. Y., are practicing a new dodge to increase their profits. They travel round the adjacent country, telling extravagant stories of the prevalence of small pox in the city. Thus they keep the country folks from going to town, and secure their custom.

By a singular coincidence, the birthday of Robert Emmett occurred on February 22, and many of the countrymen of Emmett and naturalized American citizens celebrated the birthdays of two of the most distinguished men of their native and adopted countries, at the same time.

The citizens of Tarrytown contemplate erecting a Gas House. Subscriptions to the amount of $15 000 have already been secured, and an extra effort will be made in the coming Spring to complete the enterprise.

The annual report of marriages, births and deaths in New Jersey, for 1858, was lately made to the legislature of that State. The number of marriages was 3,883; births, 14,012; and deaths, 7,932.

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which by ill management makes so contemptible a figure.

A bill has been introduced into the Louisiana Senate authorizing gambling houses in New Orleans, and fixing the tax of license at $18,000 per annum.

In Dayton, Ohio, a favorite actress announced her benefit, and promised to give a new hat to the gentleman who brings the greatest number of ladies.

"Pleading at the bar," says a western editor, "is trying to persuade a barkeeper to trust you to a three-cent nipper."

"Love in a cottage" is all very well, when you *own* the cottage and have money out at interest.

Two hundred and ninety-seven vessels are laid up in the harbor of Chicago for the winter.

Seth Smith, the original Connecticut clock maker, died recently, aged 73.

There are at the present time nine murder cases pending for trial in the city of New York.

Pork is bringing $7 per cwt. in Grand Rapids, Mich.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUBSCRIBER, Lancaster, Wis.—We have looked over the last letter of a "Protestant" in the *Grant Co. Herald*. It is like all such letters made up of old, and oft-refuted Protestant falsehoods, now served up to suit the region of Wisconsin. Catholics have something else to do besides noticing every petty scribbler who takes it into his head to slander them and their religion. The assertion of a "Protestant," in relation to Archbishop Hughes, is in keeping with his other allegations about the Bible, and is a downright falsehood, which has been contradicted a thousand times. We send this week a copy of the TABLET containing Bishop O'Connor's Lecture on the Bible to the Editor of the *Grant Co. Herald*, with a request to forward it to "a Protestant." It will enlighten him, if he be not one of those who will not be convinced.

J. C., Pawtucket.—We paid for the *Review* at the time, and gave directions to its publishers to send it.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1859.

SAVE THE CHILDREN!

WE have repeatedly called the attention of our co-religionists to the influences, direct and indirect, which are daily brought to bear on the rising generation of Catholics in this country, to lure or steal them from the faith. We have taken especial pains to watch the proceedings of the proselytizers—particularly those who, in the shape of associations for ostensibly benevolent objects, are really but organized trappers of souls. Week by week we have followed and pointed out the tracks of these wolves in sheep's clothing. We have laid bare the fact that in this land whose proudest boast is that Church and State are separate, such societies as the Five Points House of Industry, the American Female Guardian Society, &c., can impress the officers of the law into their service and make them join in their proselytizing razzias among the children and orphans of the defenceless poor.

Our readers have had exhibited before them Police Justices who refused to make returns or to hold examinations in cases where attempts were made to compel the child-snatchers to disgorge their prey. Indeed the collusion between these proselytizing societies and unworthy officials is carried so far that the former are provided with notices of commitment for vagrancy, signed by the latter, in which they have only to insert the name of the little creature they wish to make away with—documents which are a republican and nineteenth-century variation of the *lettres de cachet*, the bearer of which could consign whomsoever he wished to imprisonment in the Bastile. In all their proceedings, these societies and their official abettors evince a most sovereign contempt for law, justice and individual right. The impunity which the want of counter-organization on the part of Catholics permits them to enjoy, emboldens them to push their audacity daily farther.

While the city of New York swarms with these banded perversionists, we have no specially organized means of defending the helpless children of deceased indigent Catholic parents against their attacks, or to wrest from them the unhappy little ones on whom they have laid their clutches. The fact that the many admirable societies, which are the pride of Catholic New York, have each an especial object to which they are particularly devoted, renders it impossible for them to give more than casual attention to the grievances of which we speak. The principal resource of the kidnapped children is the precarious one of enlisting the zeal and benevolence of some private individual to whose notice chance may bring their case. The relatives of the children, though anxious to keep them and bring them up, are usually too poor to pursue the child-stealers through the courts. These have money, and power, and official favor, and what can a poor, unfriended man do against them? They tire him out by the law's delay, and accumulate expenses which, being unable to pay, he is at last obliged to abandon the children of some dear brother, relative or friend, and see them brought up to detest the religion in which their fathers were born, lived, and died.

In the cases we have lately made public, the children seized upon have had the good fortune to attract individual sympathy which is determined to pursue the praselytizers to the last limit of law, but while they are thus happy how many have been purloined in silence and are held by these societies while the officers of the law are deaf to the cries of their poor relatives, and the mass of the public pursue their daily avocations, unconscious that outrages the most glaring and the most daring infringements of liberty of conscience are daily committed in the commercial centre of America. There is of course among our people much general denunciation of the child-trappers, and very fierce adjectives are used to qualify them, but denunciation is easy and adjectives may be had for the searching. The proselytizers laugh at denunciation, but go on acting, and action is what we want.

There is neither lack of zeal nor wealth among us. We count some of the wealthiest men in the city to whose credit it can be said that an appeal to them for a Catholic object is never made in vain. Individually, much is done to baffle the perversionists, but as a single soldier cannot cope with a regiment, so singly we fight under disadvantages against these banded enemies. As we have said neither charity, nor zeal, nor wealth, are wanting among us. What we want is organization. Let a special fund be created for the purpose of disputing with these organized proselytizers such Catholic children as they may lay their perverting hands upon. Let the wrongs perpetrated in the name of Benevolence be held up to the public in their true light. Let us have a watcher for every prowler they send among the poor.

We also ask the aid of the Press in behalf of the hunted and kidnapped Catholic orphan. The greater portion of the secular press, we are aware, take part with our enemies, and if the facts of a case of child-stealing cannot be distorted so as to give apparent right to the child-trappers, they pass over them in silence. From those, however, who have any sense of honor, right, or true republicanism we ask aid in giving the greatest possible publicity to the malefactions of the proselytizing phalanx. We lately made known a case in which a policeman so forgot his duty as to be made the tool of one of these societies, yet not a paper of those who were so loud in their indignation on the Mortara affair had a word to say on the subject. Many of our contemporaries throughout the country added the publicity of their circulation to it, but not a single city paper protested against the outrage. We now call upon our city contemporaries to aid us in throwing light on the proceedings of the Homes, Missions, Houses of Industry, Colonization and Guardian Societies. We place the information we have received at their disposal, seeking but one reward, which is, that the increased publicity given to these matters may awake a powerful interest in the public mind, and the result be a properly organized means of rescuing the children of indigent Catholic parents from the hands of the proselytizers.

INDECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Is the freedom of the Press illimited and illimitable? Or are its limits only to be prescribed by the venality and avarice of a journalist and the depraved appetites of those for whom he caters? While the drunkard or the debauchee, who commits an outrage on public decency, the bad influence of which is restricted to a few, is amenable to the law and susceptible of punishment, is the journalist, whose publication is a daily outrage on decency and morality, the evil effects of which are wide-spread, amenable to no law? Can the journalist descend into the reeking dens of vice in the Five Points, and taking note of the foulness there, reproduce it in the columns of his paper? Can he hunt out every rotten household, and spying out all its filthy details, send the history of its rottenness among the virtuous wives, mothers, and daughters of the city?

Judging by some daily sheets published in New York, this license of the press may be pushed to the utmost limits of unblushing indecency. The most revolting details of corruption are daily brought by them into the families of New York. The evil of the day is not even sufficient for them; they collect the horrible details of the vice and crime of half a year, and crowd them together on one page, the whole extent of which they cover, and give them to the public on a Sunday! Reports of indecent trials are a special feature with them, and they take care to give them with the filthiest exactness. During the past week, a paper, which our profession obliges us to look at, has had blazoned forth in prominent type on its first page, a heading sufficient not only to make a virtuous woman blush—but a virtuous man also.

The fearful consequences of this, in a country where "the papers" are read at an earlier age than in any other, are daily to be seen, and they will be still more dire if some means be not taken to check those wretches, unworthy the name of journalists, who abuse the liberty enjoyed by the press in this country, and make it but an engine for the corruption of youth. Our legislators have lately endeavored to partially shield the young of our city from the corruption of the immoral theatre. Let them, also, turn their attention to this terrible inculcator of vice which insinuates itself into the very bosom of families. Let them make the publication of such indecencies a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment, and they will have closed up one of the most fruitful sources of the precocious depravity which makes a New York boy a lusus naturæ.

THE WAR-MAKING POWER.

THE Constitution restricts the power of making war to Congress, and a very wise restriction it is. It has kept us out of a good deal of trouble which Presidents with hot heads, small brains or one-sided views might have brought us into. Our Presidents, up to the present time, have got on very well, maugre the lack of ability to let slip the dogs of war at whomsoever they listed, without first consulting the "united wisdom" of the country. People looked upon the absence of this power from the hands of the Executive as one of the great features which distinguished our republican form of government. It was considered a marked advantage over the old European system, that the representatives of the people had to be consulted before the people could be involved in a war.

The present occupant of the Presidential chair does not fall in with the general idea on this point. He thinks that in this particular we are far behind the pettiest European despot. Not satisfied with the faculty of setting the official guillotine to work, and cutting off the heads of recalcitrant postmasters, the President feels an itching to have the power of cutting the throats of our Central American neighbors. A message from Mr. Buchanan, asking this power, was sent to Congress during the past week. Any European sovereign, argues Mr. Buchanan, can immediately obtain redress for his injured subjects, while the President of the United States, not having the war-making power in his hands, is hampered by the entangling meshes of prolonged diplomacy, and is obliged to see his fellow-citizens injured and outraged without being able to protect them or redress their grievances. Mr. Buchanan seems to forget that all systems of government have their weaknesses, republics as well as constitutional monarchies or military despotisms, and that the best possible plan of human administration is after all but a lesser evil. An irresponsible despot can of course declare war at pleasure, and cause the blood of thousands to be shed, for the gratification of a pique, or the indulgence of a whim. There are exigencies when the promptness with which he can set his field-pieces and bayonets to work is highly advantageous, but they are exceedingly rare, and his subjects have oftener to deplore than to applaud the despotic power he wields. Republicans are unwilling to confide to a Presidential bird of passage, who occupies the White House for a short period of four years, such an immense prerogative. They think it better that a stray individual, if he should indeed be really injured, should wait a little for justification, than that the whole nation should be rashly and thoughtlessly involved in a war on his account. They look upon this little disability as a part of their system, are satisfied to labor under it, and by no means envy the nations whose rulers may set them at each other's throats, like so many dogs, by merely giving them the signal of attack.

The real drift of the President's demand, however, is revealed by the fact that for the present, he only asks the war-making power as against our unhappy neighbors—unhappy for being in our neighborhood — Mexico, Nicaragua and New Granada. It is to redress the wrongs of such American citizens as the renegade Mexican, Ainsa, and the filli-buster friends of Mr. Forsyth, our late Minister to the Mexican republic, who has been charged with something approaching to receiving stolen goods by secreting bars of silver taken from a church, that the President is to have the power of employing the land and naval forces of the United States against a contiguous republic. Our claims against poor Mexico are not a fifth of those against certain Powers, yet we can afford to wait for these but not for those. What is diplomatically "very satisfactory" to us on the part of stronger Powers is intolerable in the case of our poor republican relations: New Granada and Nicaragua.

We trust that Congress will never consent to put in the hands of a President the power of using at his will and pleasure the forces of these States against any country whatsoever. Mr. Buchanan might not abuse the power given him, but his successors might, and we know that it is not an impossibility for a partizan or an imbecile to succeed in occupying the Presidential chair. Had the President used the powers which are lawfully his, our relations with at least Mexico and Nicaragua would be more satisfactory than they are, and the country would not blush at hearing her late representative in the Mexican capital, accused of making the American Legation the head-quarters of treasonous plotters against the established government, and of being the receiver of the silver bars they stole, or be humiliated by learning from the public journals that our Minister to Nicaragua passes the greater part of his existence—if such a state may be called existence—in beastly intoxication, and is often seen lying in a drunken stupor in some public place, with his diplomatic documents strewed around him on the floor.

THE "PURITANS" AT LOGGERHEADS.

PEACE, harmony, brotherly love and good will, have fled from the Church of the Puritans, which is presided over by a certain Dr. Cheever. The reason of the trouble is that there were seventeen individual members of the Church of the Puritans whom the preaching of the worshipful Dr. Cheever did not suit. Dr. Cheever has certain ideas with regard to the duties of masters to their servants which he was in the habit of ventilating in the pulpit of the Church of the Puritans.

The seventeen modern Puritans remembered how their antique prototypes treated those whose preaching did not suit them, and they accordingly determined to imitate the action of the Puritans of other days as far as nineteenth century prejudices would allow. As they could not cut off Dr. Cheever's ears, or drive him into the wilderness in the midst of winter, they wrote him a polite note requesting him to begone, to leave the pulpit, in short, to resign. Dr. Cheever paid no attention to their kind invitation and the majority of the congregation sustained the Doctor. So the seventeen determined to leave the Church of the Puritans and seek somewhere else a suitable preacher. They applied for what are called "letters of dismission," to enable them to join some other church, or rather society. "Letters of dismission" were granted them declaring them to be in "regular standing," not according to the habitual formula: "good and regular standing." They refused these letters and insisted upon having other certificates declaring them to be in "good:" as well as "regular standing." These the congregation refused.

The seventeen malcontent Puritans then invited the congregation before a mutual council of all thel ights of Congregationalism, which was also refused. They then called all the lights to an *ex-parte* council, which, as it could hear but one side of the case—which was their side—decided that they were entitled to be considered in "good and regular standing," and that the Church of the Puritans should give them letters to that effect.

What a strange system of religion that must be in which the preacher, instead of being guided in his discourses by the divine teachings, must suit his sermons to the particular tastes or opinions of his hearers—where everything is fallible, but the private judgment of the majority of the members, which is the great infallible criterion by which doctrines must be judged and preachers inspired!

WANTED—A LION!

The want of a Lion is no uncommon want among us. We need to find such an animal at least once in every three months. We are not very particular whether our Lion be a true, noble animal, or an inferior beast in the skin of the King of the Forest. If the ass's ear can be concealed until we have got off our enthusiasm, we are contented. In fact we prefer that, when our demonstrations are over, the Lion should turn out to be a counterfeit; for it affords an additional sensation, and a renewed pleasure, to belabor the poor donkey upon whom, we ourselves insisted, whether he would or no, in thrusting leonine greatness.

Of course we don't care a cent—not even one of those bearing the animal head of any of the Georges—for the Lion *per se*. He is to us more a scape-goat than anything else. He affords the municipal authorities an opportunity of having a jollification at the expense of the city—of eating ham-sandwiches, boned turkeys, pickled oysters, washed down by the best Otard and aided in stomachic decomposition by prime cigars. He gives sensation morning-papers an opportunity of momentarily galvanizing their departing interest and of finally indulging in their natural propensity by tearing off the poor animal's epidermal disguise and leading the whole venomous pack of curs upon his track.

We had been long "spoiling" for want of a lion, and an attempt was made to discover one. This time, the jackall, instead of being a lion's provider, was a provider of lions. The 42d Highlanders, a regiment in the service of her Majesty Queen Victoria, were, it was stated, to pay us a visit at an early period, and it was proposed to invest the whole corps, from the drummers, fifers, and bagpipers, to the Colonel, with the dignity of Lions. Here was a chance of having a plentiful supply of the animal in a partly natural state, uncontaminated by those appliances of civilization, vulgarly known as "breeks." The announcement was received with delight. Morning papers had editorials, day after day, asking the Highlanders only to come and they would get a reception such as it never entered into the heart of a British soldier to conceive. The bard of Nassau street, like the young Ascanius of our fourth book of Virgil days, prayed that a "tawny lion might descend from the mountain," or come across the sea, that he might receive him—not, indeed, with a deadly weapon, like the aforesaid young Ascanius—but with the largest sensation black-letter heading. Our municipal authorities who run around with their noses in the air, seeking the scent of any chance of "glorifying" themselves at the expense of the city, joined in the lion-hunt, and voted the rumored Highlanders the hospitalities of the city, consisting in part of ham and oyster-crackers, election brandy, Madeira or sherry, according to the demand of the drinker, the same liquor being used to represent both. The National Guard, with the courageous initiative which belongs to them, resolved to be the first to receive the Scotch regiment notwithstanding the traditional dangers of close fraternization with that corps. But the lion-hunters had sold the skin before they had killed the beast. The Campbells were not coming and the Highlander story was a hoax. The lion-hunters suddenly became very serious and virtuous, and denounced the rascal who had put the lion-hunting public on a wrong scent. What a heartless wretch he must be, who could thus trifle with their hospitable impulses and generous enthusiasm! A New York correspondent of some Boston paper could alone be guilty of such a cynical proceeding.

A considerable quantity of good flunkey buncombe was, of course, uselessly expended by the journals in preparing the minds of the public for the lionizing of the Highlanders, but we have no doubt that they have still a stock on hand sufficient for any emergency. An admirable opportunity to utilize the lionizing sentiment will shortly present itself in the arrival in our city of a number of Neapolitan political prisoners who have been pardoned by the telegraphically defunct, though positively living, King of Naples. They will just do as well as Highlanders. We see that a movement is already on foot to metamorphose them into escape-pipes for the general pent-up enthusiasm which has been still further increased by the non-arrival of the Highlanders. All is ready for a great demonstration. The Common Council are ready—we believe we may say anxious—to vote the hospitalities of the city to somebody, as they themselves are included in all such invitations. The papers are ready with their largest type and their polyglot reporters. The National Guard is always ready for duty or for parade. The light-fingered gentry look anxiously for some large gathering which may favor a confusion of meum and tuum with regard to pockets and their contents. Why should so much enthusiasm be allowed to run to seed? We cannot have the Highlanders; they are altogether engrossed by the hospitality of the Hindoos; why not avail ourselves of the arrival of the Neapolitans? They will just do as well as the Highlanders.

The Young Friends of Ireland.—Of the many celebrations to which the coming anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint will be honored, none will be more worthy of patronage than the grand soiree of the Young Friends of Ireland, which will take place in Niblo's Saloon. The proceeds of the festivity are to be devoted to the benefit of that admirable institution the Magdalen Asylum. The Young Friends are right in thinking that they could not commemorate the anniversary in a more befitting manner than by aiding the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who devote their lives to bringing back the erring to the paths of religion. We hope that the throng at Niblo's Saloon, on the coming 17th March, will be worthy the occasion and its objects.

Among the passengers by the *Prince Albert*, just arrived at St. John's, N. F., is Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., the distinguished Irish patriot, who intends sojourning among us for some months. A cordial welcome awaits Mr O'Brien on his arrival in New York.

THE MONASTIC INSTITUTION IN ITS RELATIONS WITH SOCIETY.

A LECTURE BY DR. IVES.

The third lecture of the "Sunday Evening Course of Lectures" was delivered by Dr. Ives, in Mozart Hall, on last Sunday evening. He commenced by saying the religious orders were next to the priesthood in the great institution of the Catholic Church, being to her in some respects what the hands are to the body. To obtain a proper insight into its manifold benefits, we should look into its relations with society. He considered its origin and progress. It had a distinct individuality. It was in the heart of the individual that the Monastic Institution had its power, and the result is a cheerful submission to the Divine Saviour's command, "Go and give all you possess to the poor, and follow Me." It was often urged that the persons who adopt it act under a delusion, that their minds must be diseased, and the reason urged is, that the Monastic Institution is against our common sense. But he would maintain that every man and woman is bound to act the part of a social being; to do good to all around them. He would ask who was doing the most for the human race? Was it the man of learning? the man of science and literature? Was it the man of business, whose life is wrapped up in a single idea—the merchant, for instance, whose heart was engrossed by a one idea—making money? Was it the politician—the man who professes to act for the public good, but does not, and who is often found pandering to the vices of the low to obtain votes? Is it the man of pleasure, who eventually brings on his own ruin? He would ask if these were the men that should sit in judgment on the Monastic Institution?

The lecturer spoke of society as it existed—that there was no country in the world that had produced a state of society agreeable to Almighty God, or free from the divine condemnation, and that society was preserved by the prayers of the just, that nothing was such a powerful reparation for sin, in the sight of God, as the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—it was greater than any other offering that could be made. Every man seemed drawn as by a magnetic power to a worldly point—all seem to tend to a higher sphere in this world, and but few look to the next. Who was there, he would ask, that seeing his companion leave the fashionable world to put on the garb of a monk or nun, would not be moved to a better feeling, and perhaps to lead a better life? He then went on to show that when civilization was destroyed by the inroads of the barbarians on Europe, it was restored again by the Monkish Orders—it was, the same in all places and ages. Alfred the Great, the best and wisest monarch England ever had showed his appreciation of the Monastic Institution by making his people happy through their aid. He then quoted from Edmund Burke and Hume to show that the monks always protected the people against the feudal lords—that they always freed their vassals as soon at they came into their hands. He said their lot was cast amongst the people, they spent their money amongst them, the constant change of commodities with the people made them as one. They always held that their property was kept in trus for the people.

He then quoted from several Protestant historians to show that even according to their opinions the Monastic Institution had done much good for society. There was no land tilled like the monastry lands. Marshes and mountain lands that was counted good for nothing were converted into splendid lawns and well cultivated fields. The Monks instructed the people in agriculture, and it was a common saying that "It was better to be governed by the Bishop's crosier than by the Monarch's sceptre." No monastery was without its school, which was open to every poor man's child, and no school was shut up except by the secular arm, under the protest of the community. To the galley of the slave, the cell of the prisoner, the pallet of the dying beggar, the Monks were to be found bringing consolation. They helped every order of society, the poor and the rich, by doing all they could for the advancement of learning among the masses. When we see the poor Sister, as the world calls her, leaving the world of fashion for the sick bed, the camp, the house of pestilence, the convict's cell, or receiving the dying words of the soldier far from his country and his home; or when we see the Missionary Father leave the pleasures of civilization and go into the desert to preach amongst the savages, to live with the Esquimaux, to eat train oil with the Greenlander, to preach to the wily Iroquois, to go to China and there confute the philosophy of Confucius, to go into the mines of Peru to see the poor Indian, to go into the infected den where they have often to place their lips to the ears of pestilential patients, and when they come once again into the fresh air to exclaim, "O Lord, I am not worthy to be called by Thee;" when we see these things we cannot help admiring the Monastic Institution—for that institution must be good which has always been doing good Dr. I. spoke of the missionaries in China, of their victories over the philosophers, of Las Casas, and his praiseworthy exertions in behalf of the American Indians, of the Jesuit missionaries, and the reverence with which they were regarded by the Indian. Her ecommended all to cherish the Monastic Institution as a gift from God and a rich accession to this country.

Flunkeyism Snubbed.—The Flunkeyism of the *demi-monde* of Washington transcended itself in its latest effort: the Napier Farewell Ball. The hero and heroine of the evening received from their toady admirers the honors which, in monarchical countries, are only given to royalty. Washington correspondents inform us that at one end of the ball-room a pair of thrones were placed on an elevated platform, from which the lordly guests looked down on the contortions of the enthusiastic toads engaged in the mazy dance. If we repudiated his Majesty George III, only to give royal honors, in the capital of the Confederation, to a Scotch peer, whose moral reputation is none of the best, the change is for the worse. The members of the Cabinet snubbed the toadies by not attending their ball, and certainly it was one of the most sensible acts Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet has performed. The members of the Diplomatic corps, it is whispered, have socially repudiated Lord Napier in consequence of his patent immorality—and their absence from the flunkey fete is thus explained. What in respectable society is a bar to the Scotch peer's admittance, was of course a title the more to the consideration of the *demi-monde*.

Arrival of the "Prince Albert"—W. S. O'Brien.—The steamship *Prince Albert*, with advices to the 5th inst., arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on Thursday last. Among the list of passengers we recognize the name of our illustrious countryman, Wm. S. O'Brien, who comes to pay us, in the United States, a visit of some few months' duration. We are rejoiced to find that a subsidy of £150,000 has been granted to the Galway line by the British Government. This sum will confer incalculable benefit upon Mr. Lever's project, and enable that enterprising gentleman to extend very considerably the sphere of its usefulness. Mr. Lever has been returned to Parliament from Galway. His election took place on the 4th of the present month. The war news is conflicting in the extreme. Mr. Belly has carried out his project of a Nicaraguan Canal; the funds have been contributed, and Mr. Belly will arrive at the scene of operations, in a few weeks, accompanied by engineers, workmen, implements, &c., for the purpose of commencing the canal. The French Legislature was to have assembled on the 7th inst., and on the Emperor's speech hangs the question of war or peace.

The next Lecture of the Catholic Sunday Evening Course will be delivered at Mozart Hall, on next Sunday evening, by Dr. Huntington. Subject: *The Great Modern Contrast, or the Idolatry of the Ninetecnth Century.*

BUSINESS NOTICES.

To Advertisers.—The Tablet is acknowledged to be the best Catholic paper on this Continent, and has by far the largest circulation of any paper of its class, throughout the United States, Canada and the British Provinces. Merchants, manufacturers, inventors and all those who most particularly address themselves to families, should bear this in mind. The Tablet is the best medium for bringing their articles before the Catholic public of America.

Wanted—Agents in every city and town in the Union to sell our Books and canvass for the Tablet. A small capital of twenty to thirty dollars is all that is required. As our Books are all the fast-selling popular works, good honest, industrious men can make well by them. We will give them a first-rate chance. None but persons who can come well recommended need apply.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., *Publishers*,
164 William st., New York.

Notice to our Subscribers in New York State.—Mr. Michael Phelan is the only authorized Travelling Agent in the State of New York, for the Tablet. Payments made to any other Travelling Agent will not be recognized at this office. Mr. Phelan will visit Rome, Utica, Watertown, &c., this and following weeks.

Mr. Michael Falvey will visit Columbus, Delaware, Chillicothe, Circleville, Lancaster, Piqua, Sydney, Somerset, Ohio; and Indianapolis, Huntington, Lafayette, Laporte, Logansburgh and Fort Wayne, Indiana, collecting and canvassing for the Tablet.

Mr. Michael Phelan will call on our subscribers in Western New York this and following weeks, collecting and canvassing for the Tablet.

It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that an Organist is wanted for the Hartford Cathedral.

Literature.

CANADIAN BALLADS AND OCCASIONAL VERSES. By THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, Esq., M.P.P. Montreal: JOHN LOVELL. For sale by D. & J. SADLIER & Co. 1858.

The design of the little volume before us cannot be better explained than by repeating word for word the preface of the author. We will, therefore, let him speak for himself. We can take nothing from it and can add nothing to it:

The Author of the Ballads contained in this little volume presents them to the younger generation of Canadians, as an attempt to show, most inadequately as he feels, that by those who are blessed with the divine gift of poesy, many worthy themes may be found, without quitting their own country.

That we shall one day be a great northern nation, and develop within ourselves that best fruit of nationality, a new and lasting literature, is the firm belief, at least of those to whom this volume is mainly addressed. And here I would remind them, that, of all the forms of patriotism, a wise, public-spirited patriotism in literature, is not the least admirable. It is, indeed, glorious to die in battle in defence of our homes or altars; but not less glorious is it to live to celebrate the virtues of our heroic countrymen, to adorn the history, or to preserve the traditions of our country. From Homer's age to that of Scott, Moore, and Beranger, Patriotism has been the passion of the noblest succession of sweet singers the world ever saw—and the civic virtue they celebrated has, in turn, immortalized their own names.

Simply as an offering of first-fruits, I present this little volume to the young people of Canada. Hereafter, if greater leisure is allowed me, I may hope to do something better in the same direction.

The author has presented the youth of Canada with some of the striking episodes in the history of their country, woven into verse. Some old acquaintances and established favorites are also to be found in the table of contents. We hope that our rising neighbors beyond the line will profit by the good example which Mr. McGee has set them. The dedication of the book is not without its significance, being a tribute from one Irishman who has attained legislative honors at one end of the earth to a fellow countryman who has achieved a like distinction at the other. It reads thus: "To Charles Gavan Duffy, Esq., M.P.P., Minister of Public Works and Lands, Victoria, Australia, in memory of old times.

THE JUBILEE AT MOUNT ST. MARY'S, October 6th, 1858. Published by the President of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg. New York: EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER [James B. Kirker]. 1859.

The interesting ceremonies of the Semi-Centennial Celebration at Mount St. Mary's are enshrined in an imperishable manner in this volume as it is fitting they should be. Independently of the occasion which gave rise to them, the addresses, odes and sermons delivered, have an intrinsic value which entitles them to preservation. The poem by G. H. Miles, Esq., delivered on the occasion, among other many palpable hits has the following:

"Oh! land of Lads, and Liberty, and Dollars,
Oh! nation first in schools and last in scholars,
Where few are ignorant, yet none excel,
Where peasants read and statesmen scarcely spell,
Of what avail that science light the way,
When dwindling Senates totter to decay,—
Like some tall poplar withered at the head,
Our middle green but all the summit dead.
* * * * * * *
Why boast of Britain foiled on Bunker's crest,
Her pen still rules the Rebel of the West,
Slaves of her Press, our liberty of speech
Is but in echo what her journals preach;
Our Chinese hopes, our Continental views,
Diluted drivel from her worst Reviews;
Our leaders, thin decoctions from the *Times*
Set to the very tune the Master chimes.
* * * * * * *
In fine, too native for all foreign muses,
We see creation but as England chooses."

GREAT REPUBLIC MONTHLY. February. New York: OAKSMITH & Co.

In our first notice of this revived periodical we noticed some specimens of Travel-impressions to which the author gave the strange though, in this case, appropriate title of "Mule-back Glances." The seer of those extraordinary animal sights informs us in the present number that he has lost the rest of his manuscript, for which deliverance we are most truly thankful, and fervently hope that the Mule-back seer may never lose anything more valuable. It would be happy for him also if he had lost, or mislaid, or burned, or otherwise got rid of the Donkey Tramps through Ireland, with which he supplies the place of the mule-back observations. He shows a most refreshing, though not unusual, ignorance with regard to Ireland. He makes Carlo-Bianconi, the great "car-man," originally an Italian organ-grinder, who "set his organ to the tune of Patrick's Day and the Boyne Water." The coupling of these two tunes is delightfully stupid. Imagine Bianconi, a strict Catholic, alternately playing "Patrick's Day" and the "Boyne Water" in the County of Tipperary, the chief city of which elected him mayor some twelve years ago. Mr. Bianconi, we believe, never ground an organ in his life. The business he first started in Ireland was that of fruit selling. The paper on Ireland contains the usual amount of stereotyped and stupid jesting on the patron saint of Ireland.

We have received letters from some of our subscribers asking for information with regard to this Magazine. The above we think will be sufficient. If not, then, we plainly advise them to have nothing to do with it, and if they cannot do without a monthly magazine, let them take any other in preference to .

We received some time ago a volume of about 500 pages, entitled LIGHT ON MASONRY, by ELDER DAVID BERNARD, with an Appendix Revealing the Mysteries of Odd Fellowship, by a Member of the Craft. This work purports to give a history of Masonry, from its origin to the present time, with the passwords, grips, signs, degress, orders, and all the marks, titles, &c., belonging to the order. We scarcely think the knowledge worth the trouble of reading the book. Free Masonry or any other Secret Society can thrive only amongst Protestants. This work is written by a minister of one of the Protestant sects, who formerly belonged to the Masonic Order, and his veracity is vouched for by several persons whose names are given in the work. It was formerly published in 1829, shortly after the murder of Morgan. The present is a revised edition of that work, with additions, &c., and is for sale by the publishers, Vonneida & Sowers, Dayton, Ohio.

THE NEWBURG CATHOLIC MAGAZINE has reached us and we are glad to perceive that the editor has not yet executed his New Year's threat. The number sent us has been mislaid and we are consequently unable to notice its contents.

Received.

Report of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank, 32 Chambers street.

Life and Adventures of Kit Carson.

THE ART OF SUFFERING.

Translated from the French of J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN *for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

How well he understood the delicacy of his pastoral functions! He was called, on a certain occasion, by the pious zeal of an afflicted family, to the bedside of a dying man. The latter who spent the Summer season in one of the cottages in the neighborhood of the village, and who otherwise was a worthy and honorable man, but had long neglected his religious duties and more than once had expressed his aversion for all external observances.

"My children," said the priest, "your intentions are good and the presence of the Lord's minister ought ever be a consolation for him who is going to appear before his Judge; but, tell me, is it you who sent for me?"

"Alas! no, father," replied the oldest of the children, "on the contrary; but you, whose words are so gentle and so consoling, can you not come and see him as you visit your other poor patients, and inspire him with desire to return, at his final hour, to the bosom of the Church?"

"Take care! my young friends," said the priest, "take care. The true religion is a law of clemency and love; it is a help which is accorded to those who implore it. If your father were one of our villagers, accustomed to my presence, having often received me at his fireside as the confidant of his joys and sorrows, the counsellor and friend of the family, my place would be by his bedside and I would be there already. If you yourselves had been able to inspire him with a desire to hear me! But who knows whether my black soutane will not seem to him the signal of his last hour for which he is so little prepared? His mind is at present too weak: such a step on my part might cause a fatal crisis and we might lose through our imprudence him whom we wish to succor and save. Let us wait for a favorable moment. Trust in the infinite mercy of God. Remember that nature is a tender mother who lulls the weeping infant to sleep on her bosom. Old age, sickness, pain, gradually lessen the regrets of him who is about to die, and when his soul is on the threshold of life, his thoughts, freed from all human considerations, are already attracted to the source of all light."

"Oh! father, you are our good angel!" said the children with tears of gratitude in their eyes; "you think then that if we cannot keep our dear father among us, as we yet hope we may, he may through our prayers find grace in the sight of God?"

"We must lament that he has lived and may perhaps die, separated from our holy mother the Church; but why should we doubt the providence of God? Is not an act of faith, of sincere contrition enough to obtain mercy? Who knows but his thoughts are at this very moment raised towards that God who reads all hearts? I know that your father has done many a good action; he has been charitable and just; he has labored for you, watched over you and brought you up; on your account he has passed many anxious days and nights. All this is suffering, it is prayer, it is already a preparation for death. Faith may yet enlighten him."

"But you, father, you who have restored hope to us, will not now abandon us," said the eldest son; "add your prayers to ours."

"I will also add my presence if you desire it," said the good priest, and he went with the afflicted children, ready to give the aid of his holy ministry. He passed a long time in prayer in the next room to the sick man's chamber. A favorable and unexpected crisis soon brought him back to life and hope to his children, on whose hearts remained graven the devotion and enlightened piety of Abbe Paul.

Charity and gentleness are potent influences and never fail in finding the way to the heart. Sometime afterwards, a gentleman in a state of convalescence, leaning on the arms of his children—appeared at the door of the little presbytery.

"You are a worthy pastor and a consoling angel," said he offering his hand to Abbe Paul. "I have learned from my children how you understand the duties of your noble mission. Do I owe my recovery to your prayers? At all events God has given me time to return to him. Will the pastor receive me as one of the flock?"

"Come, my son," said the Abbe; "the hour of faith and hope comes sooner or later for all those who, like you, have practised justice and charity."

On another occasion, a terrible event had brought grief into the little village. A poor creature, first betrayed and then abandoned, had buried her shame in the river which flowed by the village. It is a heinous crime in the eye of religion and morality to fly like a coward from the grasp of his fortune, and to destroy with one's own hands the being God has created to know, love, and serve him. Public censure and indignation follow the deserters.

Some of the villagers suggested to the Abbe that, as an example, the mortal remains of the unfortunate suicide should not be allowed into the Church.

"My friends," said the Abbe, "Christ said: 'Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone.' Are you her judges? Are you sure her death was a voluntary one? And if you condemn her who perished in despair, what will you do to him who found her defenceless, without a mother, to him who betrayed and abandoned her and left her to suffer so much that life appeared to her intolerable? What torments she must have borne before she reached that point! Who knows but that when she fell, poor, suffering creature, she prayed, with arms raised above the waters, for mercy and pardon; or, rather, that God, in His goodness, took away her reason in order to release her from the torments under which she was sinking? Would she have quitted, in her sound mind, all her duties, all her affections. The justice of man does not deny the assistance of a priest to the greatest criminals; shall we then be more severe? And for whom do we reserve our prayers, if not for the poor abandoned beings who have need of them?"

The mournful procession then moved slowly up the winding way, which leads from the river to the Church. The Abbe stood in the porch; he made this example the subject of a terrible lesson, but at the same time words of hope and pity fell from his lips. And when two children, kneeling before the altar, commenced to recite with their clear, pure voices, singing that sublime aspiration of the litany for the dead which says:

"Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world, give her peace! Holy Jesus, grant her eternal repose,"

who could still doubt the clemency of God?

Consoling the afflicted was so particularly the task, the privilege, the province of Abbe Paul, that no one in the neighborhood would have even thought of confiding to any one else the preparation for a great misfortune, or the staunching the wounds of a bleeding heart. We have seen him in such trials.

On an elevated terrace, in front of a splendid country seat, which overlooked a smiling landscape, sheltered by shrubs and surrounded by flowers, sat a young and happy woman with her dear little ones. She was waiting the arrival of one she loved, and the affectionate friends with whom she stayed shortened the long hours of absence. Everything smiled upon her, and bore the image of happiness. She read again and again a letter which brought her glad tidings. Her husband, who had been some time in the United States, had left for France by one of the fastest steamers; but a few days more and she would press him to her bosom and show him his beautiful children, the gentle treasure he recommended to her care in his last farewell, in his last parting look.

The friends whose hospitality the young wife shared, however, had received terrible fatal news. The vessel which was bearing back her hope to France foundered at sea, and among the many victims was the young husband who was returning to those he loved, rich and prosperous.

Who will dare bring to that young wife, so radiant with joy and so sure of the future, the terrible news—who will dare stride the first blow—a mortal one, perhaps—to tell her that all is lost, irretrievably lost? Who but he, the apostle, the messenger of suffering, the gentle Abbe?

"My poor child!" said he, giving her his hand, for he was well acquainted with her and was a frequent visitor at that charitable and hospitable mansion. "My poor child!"

"What did you say?" asked the young wife laughingly, "don't you know that I'm all joy to-day? I have only a few days of widowhood to pass now, my husband is on his way home," and she kissed the precious letter. "You must come and see him," added she, "for I've often spoken of you to him and he respects and loves you."

"The sea is a dangerous element," said the Abbe with a sigh.

"Don't talk so," said she, in a supplicating tone, "misfortune does not think of us; let us pass on unnoticed; we will be so happy to see each other again. He will find Louise much grown! Do you think her pretty?" And she pushed the child towards the Abbe, as if for a defence against all sinister foreboding.

"I will pray to God for her and for you," said the Abbe, and he recoiled—the priest recoiled before that terrible task, frightened by this confidence, terrified by this happiness, which was to fade away at the first whisper from his lips.

As the wrestler recommences the struggle again and again, when he has met a too vigorous antagonist; the priest had to recommence the struggle against that false security which it was necessary to destroy in order to clear the way for the invasion of misfortune. About the middle of the day he again sought the young wife.

"Bad news from the sea," said he. "There are terrible storms on the coast. I never hear of a tempest without thinking of these poor fishermen who are obliged to take the sea in all kinds of weather. How many men return? Their families await them: the mother and the children are on the beach, and the waves cast at their feet a shattered bark, and sometimes even——"

He stopped short. The listeners remained silent.

"What you have said is horrible!" said the young woman, drawing her children to her and putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I can't understand what all this means——"

"No one is exempt from misfortune," said the priest in a low voice, "and our destiny is in the hands of God." And he went away without saying another word.

The unhappy wife became agitated; the unsatisfactory answers she received from those around her only served to increase her fears.

The autumnal tempest shakes the solitary tree, strips it of its foliage, undermines and destroys its roots, and another breath of wind is all that is wanting to cast it to the earth; thus falls happiness.

Towards evening the priest returned holding a rosary in his hand. The victim awaited his coming and on seeing him fell upon her knees. The priest took her hand and placed the rosary in it.

"My daughter," said he slowly and in a low and trembling voice, "all you can do now is to pray for him and bring up your children according to his directions. When your task is done you will go to meet him in heaven."

She could scarcely understand the sentence; she remained some moments motionless, her eyes fixed on vacancy, then uttered a short cry and fell. When she was restored to consciousness and suffering the good priest was there, holding her little ones by the hand.

(To be continued.)

MY GOD, I LOVE THEE.

[*From the Latin of* St. Francis Xavier, *by* Edward Caswell.]

My God, I love Thee! not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor because those who love Thee not
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace!
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torrents numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself—and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

Then why O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell!

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O everlasting Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing—
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

SONG.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

O say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it—
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness—
Oft look on those who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I longed to view the light
In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern Duty rose, and, frowning flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me,
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature?"

PROSELYTISM IN BURLINGTON.

Burlington, Vt., Feb. 9, 1859.

Dear Tablet:—The ladies interested in the "charity school" gave a "costume party" on the 4th inst., in the dining hall of one of our hotels, the object of which was to aid "suffering humanity." It is a proselytizing concern that got up the "charity school," whose business is to rob the poor Catholic child of his only treasure—it is similar to the souper schools in Ireland, with the exception of the soup; there are no "goats" in Vermont, and consequently no soup. Now a word or two about the costumes. The Puritan Fathers, even Luther himself, had only a poor prototype in the individual with the "thirty-nine articles on his tongue's end." One character, representing a Bishop, promenaded the hall to the general satisfaction of the respectables—and by his episcopal rank carried the audience with him wherever he strutted about. This dignitary had his face masked. Another of those worthies, a Mr. ——, passed as Miss Flora McFlimsey, dressed out in hoops and crinoline. This Mr. —— was introduced to the company by a demure quakeress, commonly known by the appellation of the "old maid," as her daughter. Another character assumed the appearance of his Satanic Majesty, with horned head, cloven foot, and tail. The Rutland Convention did not surpass this costume party in deviltry; it seems Lucifer did not favor them with his presence in Rutland, while those good ladies of the charity school smiled at having him preside over their festival. I will not follow or tire your readers with any further description of the costumery, but, before closing, I will say a few words about the school. Although our State has supplied us with a sufficient number of district or common schools, this is not enough to satisfy those proselytizers. Mrs. Beaubien, the wife of a Canadian apostate, is placed at the head of this institution to instruct "suffering humanity," to bring them up as Christians, to teach them to renounce "Popery." If they attend the school they will be clothed with the money which was collected by the ladies of the charity school. I understand, if they don't attend Sabbath school, they are to receive nothing but Mrs. Beaubien's own version of the Bible. This charity school has been in existence some years.

Burlingtonian.

CONFERENCE OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 29th, 1859.

At a regular meeting of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Patrick's Church, Chicago, Illinois, held January 22d, it was resolved that we publish this our first annual report. In presenting it to the public the Conference takes this opportunity of returning their sincere and heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Chicago, generally, for the favor with which they have regarded our humble efforts to relieve the poor and destitute.

Monies collected and expended for the poor	$1,882 32
Donations of provisions, fuel, &c., in all amounting to	3,000 00
Professional services of Dr. Clarke, 104 West Lake street	500 00
Prescriptions by same	75 00
Total	$5,457 32

In addition to the above the Ladies' Benevolent Society of St. Patrick's Church, during the past year, gave to the poor 306 pairs of shoes and 1,617 pieces of clothing, for which they paid the sum of $752 90.

The Conference of St. Patrick's Church have also fitted up a hall and store-room at an expense of seven hundred dollars. They are also getting up a library, which will be free to all poor persons who cannot purchase books. Donations of moral and instructive literature will be thankfully received.

James McMullin, President.
Michael McAuley, Sec.

[Reported for the N. Y. Tablet.]

SERMON

Delivered by the Right Rev. John McCloskey, *Bishop of Albany, at St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, N. Y., Sunday, the 13th inst.*

It being the sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, the gospel of the day was taken from Matt. xiii, v. 31, 35.

The Right Rev. Prelate said they could readily conceive and understand how, under these similitudes, our Divine Lord and Saviour spoke truly of things hidden even from the foundation of the world, in the very remarkable parables which you have just heard. He spoke of the kingdom of heaven, by which, in the language of Scripture, he usually designated his Church, or his spiritual kingdom upon earth. He spoke of its obscure and simple beginning, of its gradual developement, and of its great future destiny; and because of its seeming insignificance, he likened it to the little grain of mustard seed, which, He says, is the smallest of all seeds. There was nothing hidden in these words: for what could be more lonely and, seemingly, more insignificant, than those twelve Apostles by whom their God was then and there surrounded.

What plainer or more unpretending man among them than the meek and lowly Jesus? And yet, here was the beginning of this kingdom of which He spoke; and here was this grain of mustard seed fully explained before their eyes. But He even declared that as that grain of mustard seed, which is the smallest of all seeds, grows up so as to become a tree, and spreads out its branches that the birds of the air come and dwell therein; so His kingdom should grow up and spread and stretch out its arms until they should encircle the entire earth, and every tribe and country should come to seek for shelter, protection, and repose under its all-powerful embrace. Who was there among them that could, by any human calculation, or by any effort of human wisdom, have declared such things as these? What human foresight or human prescience could have said that, from such seemingly insignificant means, such truthful or such miraculous results could follow? His words were words of prophecy not fully understood until they could be fulfilled before their eyes. His words, which, to them, were things hidden, had been to us revealed. His words, which, to them, were words of prophecy, are to us simple the history of the past, and their simple picture is around us and before our eyes. Their history—the long marvellous series of events which have expanded themselves through centuries of time. We know and see how those words, uttered 1800 years ago, continue, in every age and country, to be more and more realized; more and more revealed; their meaning more and more intelligible. We know how gradually this Church of Christ sprung up from the seeming littleness of a mustard seed—the twelve poor Apostles—to spread and extend itself through the universe. And we know how insignificant it was in Jerusalem; how it extended through all Antioch and Ephesus, from city to city, from province to province, and from town to country, until embracing nations, and kingdoms, and empires, it came to have no other boundaries than the extremities of the world. Its history is the history of the past, its fulfilment the prophecy contained in the similitude of the mustard seed. And now what do we see in all this? We see the very pressing and very convincing evidence of the continuity of that kingdom upon earth—the evidence that beginning as it did, and spreading as it did, it could only be by divine power, and by the workings of a supernatural agency. And there is no more convincing proof of the divinity and the truth of this Church of Jesus Christ, than that it has been established upon earth, has spread itself through every nation, and has continued to exist without the interruption of one single moment of time from the time that the parable was spoken until the present day. It is a divine Church, but to carry out its divine mission, something more than divine means, something more than supernatural agency was required, and was employed. Man's agency and man's co-operation was needed, and was used. Men of ability labored and struggled and suffered for the establishment of this Church. Apostles preached, martyrs shed their blood, and the most learned, profound and eloquent men made self sacrifices. Kings even, and princes, and emperors, came in time to be patrons of this Church, and employed even the arms of physical strength against its enemies. Yet all these combined would be insufficient for its final triumph and success, for there were other agencies that were brought to bear against them, which were, humanly speaking, far more powerful. It would have been crushed in its very infancy. The whole power of the Pagan Empire was arrayed against it. The emperors, with all their strength, and the prefects of their governments, brought to bear the whole weight of their authority, and used the whole force of their physical power to suspend the teachings of those Apostles. Yet though their blood flowed in torrents, and though hundreds and thousands continued to fall beneath the hand of persecution, still it seemed to live again, strong, vigorous and powerful. After 300 years had passed, that seemingly insignificant power—the Church of Christ—achieved a triumph in the eyes of the world, and emperors ceased to persecute it. Those who failed to recognize it as their mother, became its protectors and its guardians. But its danger and its triumph did not cease. Soon after came the terrible irruption of the barbarian force of the North. It came like a mighty avalanche, or like a dark torrent sweeping through the whole face of the Christian country, spreading terror and ruin on every side, tumbling its temples, putting to death priests; and, it seemed, as if it intended to blot out forever, not only every vestige of civilization, but the whole Christian world. The Church bowed its head even as the mighty oak of the forest before the whirlwind, but it raised it up again as the storm passed away—brighter and more beautiful even than before. Those that came with the sword to destroy it, were ready to take up the Cross. Those that came to deny God, became humble; and that Church which, it seemed to human eyes, was destined to be ruined and destroyed, was again triumphant. Other triumphs were yet in store. When not threatened with hostilities or persecution, in the midst of mental darkness, by the light of its own traditions, and by the teachings of those within its sanctuaries, its cloisters, and other religious communities of men and women, it went out and spread their united light through the benighted world. And when, through the perversities of its own children scandals arose, and those whom it had succored and whom it had loved toiled against it, proved traitors, and schisms came, and heresies came, and the so-called reformation came, and it seemed as if it were torn with dissensions and divisions, and the learned of the world, and the kings of the earth, and all became leagued against it: how stood that Church? As vigorous, and as strong, and as flourishing as ever. During the whole history of its existence it feared nothing, and went on its way in conscious confidence of its strength. Knowing that it rests not on any worldly arm, that God has promised it that it rests upon divine power, that the world may forsake it, and its own children may turn against it, it will be all in vain, it still is the Church of God. If men are employed to carry out its purposes, it is simply because God has pleased to make use of them. The very fact that the Church does not cease, notwithstanding the persecutions and the assaults of all in every age and in every country, but that it triumphs over all, cannot be explained in any other way than that God has guided and sustained it. Had it been of the world it would have perished long since. And it is only because it has been and must be the work of God, that it exists and will exist until the end of time. This teaches us the lesson of our own insignificance. We are too apt to judge of the designs of God and the future of His Church, of what may chance to pass before our own eyes. The Church came before us, and will remain after us. We may, by our zeal and our good example, contribute more or less to its interest and the advancement of sacred things. Or, again, we may, by our scandals and our bad examples, contribute, more or less, to retard its advancement. We are too apt to be filled at one time with too great elation, and at another time with too much depression, to be judges of the events that have transpired at other times and places. Notwithstanding, in the eye of human wisdom, it may be more free from scandal or reproach in one country than in another at the same or any other time, it has continued to be the same Church that it was at the beginning. Whatever it has been in adversity, it has been the same in prosperity; the same in sunshine as in gloom, in calm as in storm. It is the Church of Christ, the Church of all times and places; and it must ever be one and the same Church. It would appear to man that this work was never to succeed if they had judged from the manner in which it seemed at first to progress. It was not in the time of Christ it was to spread. Years shall have passed away, centuries shall have passed away, before the divine fulfilment shall arrive, for there are places yet to which that Church must extend itself. No doubt, we would like everything to occur within our own lifetime. A thousand years are to Him as a single day. He kept the whole world four thousand years in expectation of His coming, and thousands of souls were coming into and going out of the world, longing for the fulfilment of the prophecy, that the Messiah was to arrive. And when He came He did not at once commence His work and travel over the whole earth to make Himself known. He came as a child, and went like any of us through all the stages of infancy in the arms of Mary and Joseph. He grew up Jesus himself, and went on until he had attained the age of 30 years; and, notwithstanding that the world was all this time waiting His mission, He committed the work to His apostles after only a few years of public life. A long series of years again elapsed before things were to be fully revealed. This should teach us not to be impatient.

He said the history of the church is the history of the mustard seed. It grows up gradually. In our own country it came as a little grain at first, poor and insignificant, slow in its operations, beginning in one city, a poor laborer, surrounded by thousands of those who mocked it and despised those who professed it. Still, it was a little grain of mustard seed; it was God's work; He planted it. Going from the city, it passed from town to town, and now before fifty or sixty years elapsed, we see that that simple grain at the beginning has continued to spread itself and become a tree, so that the "birds of the air come and dwell on the branches thereof." Have patience, trust in God, and pray. The spread and developement of the outward and visible kingdom of Christ is always sure to be in proportion to the growth and developement of the interior kingdom within the souls of men. Planted there in the hour of our baptism, there was in that grain of mustard seed, a power of fecundity that enables it to grow up so as to become a tree, and bring forth an abundance of grace.

The Bishop then admonished the congregation to attend to their spiritual welfare; to examine themselves and see if the fault was not their own. He said that the work of our salvation cannot be done in a day, it may be the work of years; that it might be done by a miracle of divine power, but that it will not be so done we know from the economy of God; that His church would not grow up in a few days, but must be the work of a long series of time, and invoked the divine blessing on them.

M. J. C.

DR. CAHILL'S LETTER.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby:

My Lord—Although throughout the Protestant community in this country we can gratefully record amongst the highest names of the nobility and gentry brilliant instances of liberality and toleration and munificence to the Catholic people of Ireland, yet in reference to the Government, its advocates, and policy, I do not remember to have noticed at any former period a more decided anti-Catholic feeling than is evinced by the official administration and the general Irish Orange aristocracy since your Lordship's advent to office. A universal attack has been made on every order, grade, and position of our race; slanders of the most malignant invention have been published against us; conspiracies against the state and the peace of society have been laid to our charge; the Catholic police have been declared inefficient and rebellious; the Catholic bar has been stigmatized as ignorant; the Catholic chairmen of counties have been libelled as incompetent to their office; the Catholic resident magistrates have been almost pointed out by name as illiterate, or the treasonable partizans of revolution; and the Catholic clergy have been held up to public reproach and infamy as the accomplices of assassination. Heretofore, these enemies of the peace and prosperity of Ireland directed their persecution against the defenceless poor; but the present anti-Catholic combination is levelled against the most elevated and eminent amongst us, against every one respected in private life, or admired in public office; against every one honored by the laity or venerated in the Church. Heretofore, too, this hostile confederacy was organized to exterminate the poor. Within the ten years, from 1840 to 1850, they threw down seventy-five cabins in every hundred of the daily laborers; and they unhoused, banished, and killed, *independently of famine and sickness*, upwards of one million of the unprotected Irish peasantry.

No one denies that on one or two public occasions your Lordship has kindly advanced some public projects of Irish commercial advantage; and the universal Irish people are anxious to attest their respect and their gratitude to your Viceroy in Dublin, for the undoubted services, and for the heartfelt zeal, which have marked his career in his successful exertions in the cause of Ireland. These material national advantages, forwarded both by your Lordship and by the Lord Lieutenant, we gladly and gratefully acknowledge. But with

the exception of these gleams of sunshine, our political skies are covered with a dark cloud, such as has seldom hung over Ireland in our past days of exclusion. In the brutal attacks and lies which have been circulated by the Press against all orders and conditions of the Irish Catholic people, one would fain believe that the Government gave no direct or indirect color or pretext to these unprincipled revilers of the Catholic private, public, and official name. But when we recollect Lord Naas's Police Bill, where the old faithful Catholic Police were to have been dismissed, and their places filled by men of an opposite political and religious stamp, there can be no mistake as to the animus of the Government on that occasion, or of the subsequent hostile feeling which this example has awakened throughout every department of the official administration of Ireland. This, my Lord, is the link which would seem to couple your Administration with the unfavorable public impressions of the country; and the argument can be urged with an unanswerable force, namely, how can the Tory Magistracy, the Landlords, or the lower Orange classes be free from violent antipathies and sectarian animosities, when they see the rancorous example set at the head of the State, and published by the highest official authority.

The Downshire propositions are a perfect reflex of the opinions, speeches, and newspaper articles which were promulgated after Lord Naas had framed the draft of his Orange Bill; and if a distinguished portion of the liberal nobility, and popular landlords of Ireland, now denounce these propositions as subversive of the prerogative of the Crown, and of the liberty and peace of society, it should never be forgotten that the Chief Secretary laid the foundations of these penal propositions by a bill which has seldom been equalled for its anti-Catholic and sectarian feeling. The Irish peasantry, my Lord, are thoroughly acquainted with the fact that within ten years, by *landlord legal combination*, three-fourths of the laboring classes have been unhoused, exterminated, and several of them, of course, *legally killed* by this cruel wholesale eviction. And who is the man who can *convince* these banished maddened outcasts that if it be lawful for landlords to *combine and kill the tenantry*, it is not equally lawful for the persecuted tenantry to *combine* and *kill* the exterminating landlords? Casuists may argue, Senators may speak, and Bishops and Priests may preach in denouncing this Ribbon reasoning of the unhoused and starving wretches; but they cannot be made to believe that the Parliamentary logic which murders thousands can be defensible, while the logic which takes the lives of a few is to be condemned. They attach to this wild revengeful reasoning the additional argument—namely, that the poor are killed for no other reason than their poverty, which is no fault of theirs, while the wealthy proprietor is again branded with the criminal aggravating circumstances of banishing human creatures as he would banish vermin from his haggard, and destroying human life as he would destroy red worms in his corn fields. Let statesmen make laws as they may on tenant expulsion; and let landlords execute their agricultural rights in the death of thousands, the people can never be made to understand how Parliaments and proprietors can take away human life without violating the sixth commandment of God; or how they can kill their dependents without the guilt of murder.

In reference to this question, one of the most fruitful sources of social mischief is the persecution of the agents of the Bible Societies. These persons give an additional bitterness and sectarian rancor to the landlord prejudices; and in the attempt to change the faith of the people they employ not only their ordinary means of patronage and bribery, but they urge the landlord to put on the grinding pressure of his powerful influence to carry out this work of hypocrisy and perjury. This persecuting alliance of the proprietor of the soil with the most odious class known to the history of Ireland has earned for the landlord a double meed of public detestation; and has produced in Ireland a very large share of the horror universally felt towards the sectarian exterminators. Will you allow me to assure your Lordship that the Police Bill of Lord Naas is believed to have its origin in this Biblical sectarianism. Some of the police, under the command of Colonel Browne at the time of the College riots, were *supposed by the Castle* to have made the command of their officer subservient to their Catholic animosities; and, again, others of the same force were *said by the Biblicals* not to give them sufficient protection in the streets during their mission of insult against the Catholic inhabitants. Strange as it may appear to a high-minded English nobleman, Lord Naas was said by many persons to have conceived his bill in reference to these two prejudices just quoted. This public impression has damaged your Lordship's administration to a certain extent, and gave an Orange complexion to certain administrative facts, from which impression the public has since had no cogent reason to recede.

Great stress has been laid on the additional crime of the Irish assassin, from the fact that bribery has not been able to discover him in certain cases; and great reproach has been heaped on the police force, from the fact, too, that they have not been able to discover some Irish murderers. The very resolutions of the Downshire club have been framed in reference to these two considerations. Even a comparison was sought to be made in these cases between the efficiency of the London police and the inactivity or the *connivance*, or both, of the Irish police officers and constables! Now, my Lord, what is the fact? There is a certain low reckless class amongst the English people who almost make murder a daily practice; who take away human life (I quote facts) for a "tumbler of beer;" for "an old coat;" who "kill children" with less feeling than an Irishwoman would drown a young cat; who shoot or cut the throats of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, children, grandfathers, and grandmothers, with *less concern* than the Irish would take the life of a strange dog, or kill a neighbor's sheep. And as they have no *concern in killing* men, women, and children, neither have they *concern in escaping justice*. The indifference they feel about other men's lives makes them indifferent about their own life; and hence there is no difficulty in tracing the culprit in London; and little activity consequently required in the policeman to arrest the murderer. But in Ireland murder is generally committed to gratify revenge for some grievous, real, or supposed injury; I cannot remember any case where this awful crime has been done for the trifles which lead to it in England. And the offence is looked on with such horror, such unspeakable fear, that the assassin prepares his deadly plans by long meditation, conceals his wicked design from wife, sister, parent, and child; and hence his tremendous act is so guarded, his scheme so well arranged, that the most active policeman cannot find a clue to this deep, long premeditated, murderous stratagem. No, the inability to detect an assassin in Ireland, as compared with England, lies in the Inhabitants of the two Nations, not in the police; and it can be accounted for, too, in the indifference with which murder is committed in one country as compared with the other.

My Lord, this is the true state of this awful subject. And in quieting the Irish revenge by an equitable Tenant Bill, there is no other question of, perhaps, equal importance to the peace and the morality of society—namely, a suitable discouragement given, in high quarters, to the notorious Biblical swindle which, next to Landlord atrocities, has enkindled in the hearts of the public a hatred for their hypocrisy, and a revenge for their insults and lies, not to be understood except by those who have the confidence of the people, and know the burning outraged feelings of their souls.

I have the honor, my Lord, to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

D. W. Cahill, D.D.

OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Lord Mayor's Dinner—who'll go to it, and who won't. — The meeting of "Landed Proprietors."—Burns' Centenary.—The Duke of Wellington's Correspondence.—Tom Moore's Statue.

Dublin, January 28, 1859.

Although our Protestant Lord Mayor is little more than three weeks old in his high office, retribution, thick and heavy, is beginning to fall on him for his bigoted conduct in refusing, when Lord Mayor elect, to attend the banquet to the projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph, because his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman was to be one of the guests, all about which I wrote you at the time. His Lordship having fixed the usual annual Corporation "Feed" for an early day next month, has, according to custom, issued large cards of invitation to all the great people of the city, and to many small people also, requesting the honor of their presence at dinner at the Mansion House "to meet his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant." His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, of course, will go, and will, doubtless, experience considerable pleasure in drinking wine with a Lord Mayor who felt called on, for the purpose of supporting his dignity as Protestant chief magistrate, to decline sitting at table with a man in every way distinguished, because he was a "Popish Priest." The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin will dine with his Lordship with pleasure, because he rather likes a Lord Mayor who so acts. So will my Lord Chancellor, who has no objection to such a chief magistrate; so will her Majesty's Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, who don't approve of "Popery;" and so will the multitudinous small fry of Protestants of every grade and profession, who follow, like yelping, unreasoning curs, at the heels of their masters. But there are people as good in every sense as those I have named—as upright, as honest and as talented, who won't sit at the festive board of this Lord Mayor, because he had the presumption to attempt to put a slight on their religion by refusing to attend, in his capacity of Lord Mayor elect, a banquet to which Cardinal Wiseman was invited. To show you that we have yet some Catholic feeling left in high places, (for the poor always had it, and I firmly believe will have it while Ireland remains above the sea,) I will mention a few mere "Papists," who, I am positively assured, have declined the Lord Mayor's invitation to his banquet, because of his conduct in relation to Cardinal Wiseman: The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer; the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Judge Ball; Judge Keogh; Judge O'Brien; Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C.; Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Q.C.; besides a host of others, eminent in various professions, and the majority of the Liberal Party in the Town Council, which includes some Protestants. Mr. Justice Christian, the lately appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, has also declined to attend the banquet. I cannot say exactly on what grounds, except that as an upright man he desires in this manner to mark his disapproval of vulgar bigotry. His Lordship is not a Catholic; I believe he is a Puseyite; but his mother and sisters, who reside with him, are zealous Catholics; and I believe there is little doubt but that before very long he will be a member of the Catholic Church. Thus then has this unhappy Lord Mayor, by a stupid act of bigotry, got himself into a precious "mess;" and it is easy to see that he will be in hot water during his twelve months of office. Every independent man will join me in saying "serve him right."

In my last letter I mentioned that a section of the landlords of the country, headed by my Lord Devonshire and Lord Leo Hill, proposed to hold a public meeting in the Rotundo this week for the purpose of expressing their sense of "the impunity which has attended agrarian outrages, the insecurity of life and property in Ireland, and the necessity for some further measures for remedying such evils." Several resolutions were to be submitted to the proposed meeting, containing propositions for securing a higher Jury qualification—the originators of the movement being of opinion, doubtless, that jurors selected from the middle classes would not act fairly by the landlord class—to ensure the efficacy and fidelity of the constabulary—whose sympathies the landlords, no doubt, think are far too much with the people—to restrict the granting of public-house licenses, and to exercise more control over them, because, forsooth, "Ribbon Societies," the landlords say, "always have their origin in them." The proposed resolutions were no sooner made public than the morning papers were filled with letters from noble lords and estated gentlemen of various degrees, declining to have anything to do with the movement, (the only parties in connection with which who were before the public being Lord Downshire, Lord Hill, and a Mr. Napier, who professed to act in compliance with the wishes of a number of landed proprietors,) and giving it as their opinion that it was unnecessary and uncalled for, and some influential gentlemen intimated their intention of proposing amendments. One nobleman, Lord Clanricarde, in his letter to Lord Downshire, very aptly observed that the sapient proprietors of the meeting proposed to discuss, in a single day, and pronounce an opinion on questions, the settlement of which has perplexed our ablest legislators for years. Finding that there was a certainty of there being a very extensive row if the proposed meeting were an open one, these landlords, who would be legislators to make things comfortable for themselves, announced that five shillings a head would be charged for admission to the meeting, but having ultimately abandoned the intention of holding it at all, they hurried off to the Lord Lieutenant, had a talk with him, and on the following morning a statement appeared in the Tory papers that this interview was of the most satisfactory nature, and that the objects of the contemplated meeting had been attained. Subsequently a meeting of Liberal Irish members was held in town at which a declaration was adopted to the effect that they believed life and property was as secure and that justice was as effectively administered in Ireland as in any other part of the United Kingdom, and that the statements to the contrary put forward by the promoters of the contemplated meeting were unfounded and calumnious. The meeting pledged itself to resist any attempt to introduce any measures of a coercive character, and expressed a conviction that the laws of landlord and tenant require immediate and material alteration. The Irish Liberal members might have gone a little further, and expressed their conviction that if any one required greater protection for life and property in this country it was the poor man, and most assuredly not such individuals as my Lord Downshire. There can be no doubt that the originators of the landlord movement meant mischief to the people and that their object was to obtain some coercive enactment. It remains yet to be seen what will be the result of their interview with the Viceroy.

Many were the tongues in the land of cakes, in the land of Cockneys, and in Ireland, that were simultaneously talking about Robert Burns on Tuesday last, which it appears was the Poet's centenary birthday. We in Dublin got on very well. Public lecturers discoursed about Burns—Public singers sang Burns' songs—Print-sellers exhibited Burns' portrait—Booksellers Burns' works—in fact, 'twas nothing but "Burns" all the week round. Two extensive public dinners were eaten on Tuesday evening by Burns' admirers in the city, one of which was presided over by the Lord Mayor, who, by the way, knows far more about composite candles and glycerine soap, (being in the chandlery interest,) than of the works of the Poet Burns, or of any other Poet. Of course there was any quantity of Burns' verses thrown off during the evening when the speechification came on. The guests were informed of the inability of Kings to make an honest man, and reminded over and over again that a man was a man for a' that. Much embarrassment, I am credibly informed, was occasioned to some speakers who came to the feasts with prepared speeches containing nice quotations from Burns' most popular poems, in consequence of previous speakers having unfortunately introduced the very same lines; and from this circumstance, as I am informed, many very neat speeches were carried home undelivered, in the pockets of their disgusted authors. The principal speaker at the chief dinner was Mr. Samuel Ferguson, author of the noble poem "The Forging of the Anchor," &c. Mr. Gilbert Burns, a nephew of the Poet, exhibited some relics of his uncle, including the family Bible of Robert Burns' parents, the watch which ticked in the trowsers pocket of his father, and in his own after the father's death, the whip and spurs which Burns used in his rides round the country when following the unpoetical occupation of a Guager, and the first edition of his poems published in 1776.

The present Duke of Wellington has offerod a reward (sum not named) to the citizens of Dublin for any information that may lead to the recovery of the correspondence of his father from September, 1805, to April, 1807, which it appears is not forthcoming, and which it is said the defunct hero was of opinion he had deposited somewhere in Dublin on assuming office as Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1807. The "somewhere" is suggested in the advertisement offering the reward to be "some public store, or bank, or some private house," but inasmuch as these three denominations include almost every species of building of which the city is composed, the clue thus given cannot be considered to be very substantial. Even if this somewhere were discovered, in all probability no papers would be found; for there are twenty chances to one that long ago the epistles in question went in detached pieces to the homes of citizens now deceased, round pennyworths of sugar, squares of soap, and pounds of candles.

The ugly statue of Tom Moore in College Green disappeared suddenly the other night, having been removed for the purpose, it is said, of being remodeled. It is to be hoped when the bronze effigy of "the Poet of all circles," &c., (you know the rest) returns to its place, it will bear some resemblance at least to the gifted original, and that the imagination of the public will not be again taxed by being required to conceive that the heavy-looking man in the boat cloak, with something like a small gridiron in his hands, standing on a most gouty-looking pair of legs, is the National Bard.

Dubliner.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

The spirit of Burns abroad.—The Centenary.—The various celebrations.—Sydenham.—Edinburgh, &c.—John Bull jealous that Sawney takes the lead.—Much speeching, but little eloquence, much verse, but little poetry.—Lord Brougham beginning to dote.—Mgr. Gillis and Burns' pistols.—Ridiculous incidents.—The inauguration.—The Indian news.—Queen Victoria a grandmother.—Death of Hallam.—The suicide mania.—H. E. the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

London, 29th January, 1859.

A hundred years after his entrance among the players on this world-stage, the spirit of the poor Ayrshire ploughman, guager and bard, has arisen and taken England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales by the ears. On Tuesday last there was nothing but Burns throughout the length and breadth of these islands. Burns' songs were sung, speeches in his honor were made, his poems recited, and the relics he has left gloated over with extraordinary interest. A lady was inspired by the poet's memory to write an ode, which took the prize given by the Crystal Palace people. The entertainment at Sydenham was attended by nearly fifteen thousand people, and only failed in making the public join in singing the Bard's songs. It is but natural that Scotchmen should take the lead in a celebration got up in honor of their own bard, yet some exceedingly John Bull-ish prints have taken offence at it. John wants to be first in everything; it is impertinence for any one else to go before his worshipful self. After reading the speeches made at the various gatherings I have come to the conclusion that they were all unworthy of the subject. I have not seen a single flash of genuine eloquence in any speech, not even in that of the great Sir Archibald Alison, who spoke in the Music Hall at Edinburgh. Lord Brougham who was to have presided over this demonstration, and whose place was filled, if not supplied, by Lord Ardmillard, wrote an immensely long letter, in which, I fancy, I perceive unmistakeable evidence of dotage. There is scarcely a word about Burns or the centenary in the long and weary document. It opens with a series of observations on popular education in general, and parochial schools in particular, and then passes to the consideration of the Scotch language, with hints for the improvements of dictionaries, and the superiority of that idiom over the English tongue. His Lordship announces *en passant*, a work he is engaged in publishing, revels among the poets of the classic era and those of the middle age, all of which may be sufficiently interesting when treated separately, but which had about as much to do with the matter in hand as one of my last year's letters would have. I must not pass by an interesting incident connected with the Edinburgh celebration. The pistols which belonged to Burns in his capacity as guager were presented on the day of the celebration to the Society of Antiquaries, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gillis, to whom they were given by a lately deceased friend of the Bard. The affair was not, of course, without its ridiculous features. For instance, at one of the banquets—if not at both—an old man who was made a lion on the strength of being a hundred years old, and having seen Burns. He described an interview which he had with the Bard when the latter was a guager and the speaker a carman. Burns gave him his permits for a certain number of casks, but was not communicative—

in fact said nothing to the old gentleman. This worthy centenarian reminds us of that famous lady who walked before the king himself, when he did walk behind. Another gentleman, in one of the provincial towns, said, in a burst of enthusiasm, that "Scotchmen are respected wherever the English language is spoken," leaving us to infer that they are not respected where it is not spoken—no inconsiderable portion of the surface of the globe, by-the-bye.

The war excitement continues to go down. I have not changed my views on this subject, nor do I see any reason for so doing. The most egregious lies with regard to the state of things in Italy are set forth by the press of Turin and Genoa and taken up by unprincipled papers in Brussels. The rumored death of the King of Naples, which has just been contradicted by Telegraph, is a proof of what reliance is to be placed on the statements of the aspirants after European disorder. The demand for Princess Clotilde's hand has been made in the name of Prince Napoleon, and the marriage is speedily to take place. As to this marriage influencing in any way the policy of the Emperor, the idea is preposterous, or I very much mistake the character and sagacity of Napoleon.

The Indian News is not striking. A victory over Feroze, that by Gen. Napier, is announced. The Nana Sahib was still "to the fore" at the head of some thousand troops. There does not seem to be the slightest approach to the pacification of Oude. The progress of the British in that country may be likened to that of a man who tears away the thick brushwood of a forest. It yields to his pressure, but the moment he has passed it closes in again and all trace of his passage vanishes. The truth is that we seem to be no nearer the complete subjugation of the natives than we were a year ago.

Our queen is now a grandmother, and there are not many so young and blooming as she is. The announcement that her Majesty had reached the grand-maternal dignity arrived at Windsor on Thursday, about five minutes after the young Princess had been safely delivered. The event was marked by some among a certain class here, and a few illuminated houses were visible in the evening, but the mass of the people treated the affair with superb indifference, and I am not prepared to say that they treated it otherwise than as it deserved.

Hallam, the historian, died on Saturday at the age of 81 years.

The suicide mania still continues to spread. This week has shown us a case of a boy who attempted to commit self-destruction on account of a quarrel he had with his bread and butter—or, to speak more exactly, on account of some disagreement with his mother, relative to his dinner. The madness seems to have reached the brute creation, for a newspaper gives an account of a dog who lately committed suicide by drowning. I will not vouch for the truth of the story.

The past fortnight has been a busy one with his Eminence, our respected Cardinal Archbishop. On Thursday week he delivered the lecture I lately announced before the Chatham Mechanics' Institute, and was presented to the enthusiastic audience by the High Constable of the City. On Saturday he arrived at Liverpool, where he preached on Sunday. On Wednesday his Eminence assisted at the representation of a play of his own at the Catholic Institute. Last evening he delivered a lecture on Education in the Philharmonic Hall. The reception his Eminence has met with in Liverpool was enthusiastic in the highest degree. W.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, February 18, 1859.

In my letter for last week's TABLET I made a slight error, in stating that the Sisters, who attend the Washington Infirmary, did so "gratuitously." They receive, however, thirty dollars a year each, which is no compensation for their arduous day and night services on the patients, and which is analogous to that of a gratuity. The faculty of this Institution, having volunteered to hold the offending students to a strict accountability for their offensive conduct to the Rev. Father O'Toole, of St. Patrick's, have failed to take any steps towards an examination of the affairs. Nor will it be done. The truth is, Catholics have not the remotest chance of fair play in either public or private institutions, wherein a majority of the managers are Protestants. I therefore repeat what I have before said—let the Catholics of this District open an Infirmary under their own control, even if it had apartments for only a dozen patients. The Sisters, it is admitted on all sides, are the very life and support of the Infirmary where Father O'Toole had been so grossly insulted. There is a school of medicine and surgery connected with Georgetown College, which would be all that is wanted to open an institution of this kind. Who will start it?

The admission of Oregon into the Union, as a State, last Saturday night, was the cause of much rejoicing among all classes of our citizens. The marine band was procured, who, with a vast crowd, serenaded the President and a number of members of both houses who voted for the measure. It was midnight when the party reached the residence of Senator Douglas. Here the police interfered to prevent the band from playing on the "Sabbath," but the "little giant" was more than a match for the *conscientious* "Charlies," as he has been for Charlies of another stamp, on more occasions than one recently, for he told the band if they would not be allowed to play out of doors they should play within doors, and so they did, for the band and as many of the citizens as could get into his elegant mansion enjoyed themselves there for more than an hour over the good cheer which he has always on hand for such occasions. The President, as well as Senator Douglas, addressed the citizens at their respective residences in favor of the admission of Oregon as the thirty-third State of the Confederacy.

The Senate "bagged" a whole batch of territorial bills on Wednesday. Then they will have to lay until each has the necessary amount of population to entitle it to a territorial government.

The Homestead Bill, as you are aware, has passed the House of Representatives, with a provision in it that each settler must pay the Government $10 for his quarter section. On yesterday, Senator Wade succeeded in having all previous orders postponed, and had it taken up, but, after a little cross-firing between Messrs. Wade, Reid, Johnson of Tennessee, Hunter, Wilson and Stuart, its further consideration was postponed by the casting vote of the Vice-President. You must not look for the passage of this bill at this session in any shape whatever.

The debate on the Thirty Million Bill—or rather the bill itself—is another device of the same sort, made to catch the "gulls," and serve as a political shibboleth for Presidential candidates. It is used for that purpose now by them, and will be one of the "issues" in the next campaign. Whether the President seek a renomination or not, I believe *he* is honest in making the proposition to Congress for the money, but the way in which it would be used by him for "negociating" (?) with Spain for the brightest gem in her crown, is the rub. My incredulity is of the most perverse kind; for notwithstanding the President says it is wanted for commencing the negotiation at Madrid with the Ministers of her Catholic Majesty, I believe they would be much easier initiated at Havana, or the neighborhood of the Moro Castle. If we are to have Cuba at all, let it come to us in an *honorable way*. Not by bribing the Spanish officials of Cuba to throw off their allegiance to the Mother Country, or by tampering with the troops sent there to protect the rights of Spain to her legitimate possessions. The moral sense of the American people of all parties is shocked at the bare possibility of such a thing. They start back at the very idea of being handed down to posterity as a nation of brigands. It won't do. Some other means of acquiring Cuba, besides that which it is supposed is in contemplation in certain quarters, will have to be tried. Senator Crittenden and Senator Thompson, both from the State of Kentucky, on Tuesday and Wednesday respectively made very able speeches against the project. The latter, although rather unwell, kept the Senate and galleries in roars of laughter by the cutting sarcasm of his remarks. He said the President wanted a "facility," which facility was to consist of money—only thirty millions, but he did not know where it was to come from, as it was not in the Treasury, for that concern was already knocking at their doors like a beggar for an alms of twenty millions.

The tariff is also a pandoras box to the politicians. It has always been a cause of trouble to the country, and, until some sure remedy against its periodical recurrence as a political question, fluctuation in trade and manufactures will always result from its agitation. There is, in my opinion, however, a certain remedy, not only for this difficulty, but also for the exorbitant expenditures of the public revenue, which has run up to eighty millions of dollars annually. It is this, and I have never before heard it either mentioned or proposed by anybody. Suppose that each State in the Union, under the provision of an amendment to the Constitution, was allowed to levy duties upon goods purchased in foreign countries, and imported within her own limits, she could then send her tariff to the wants of her own citizens, giving them protection on some articles, and letting others come in at a low duty, or free, as circumstances might require. There would be no clashing of States Rights under such a revenue system. For the support of the Federal Government each State should supply the ways and means in proportion to its Federal representation, whether by indirect taxation, as would probably be the case in Pennsylvania, New York, and other northern States, which advocate high tariffs, and by direct taxation in those States that prefer free trade. It would be readily seen that if this mode of managing the revenue of the country was once in operation, each State would be a constant check on all others in preventing a wasteful outlay of their common fund. What say protectionists and free traders to this? SIGMA.

Our excellent Agent, Mr. John Graham, is once more at his head-quarters, Chicago, Ill.; and is doing wonders for the TABLET in the way of getting us new Subscribers. We hope he will continue to add to our already large list, and that our friends in Chicago will render him all the assistance in their power.

LECTURES, CONCERTS, &C.

The last Lecture but one, of the Catholic Sunday Evening Course, will be given next Sunday evening, Feb. 27, at Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway, opposite Bond street, by J. Vincent Huntington, author of "Blond and Brunette," "Alban," "The Forest," "The Pretty Plate," "Lady Alice," &c. Subject: *The Great Modern Contrast, or the Idolatry of the Nineteenth Century.* Tickets 25 cents. Doors open at half-past six; Lecture begins at half-past seven, P. M.

DR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.—A Lecture will be delivered by Dr. Brownson at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening, March 8th, 1859. Subject: *The Church and the Threatened Revolutions in Europe.* Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tickets, 25 cents.

Very Rev. J. Donovan, D. D., will lecture in St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, on Sunday evening, February 27, at 8 o'clock. Subject: *The Exalted Dignity of Christian Charity, and its Practical Illustration by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.*

The next Lecture before the St. Patrick's Literary Association of Montreal will be delivered on the evening of Thursday, the 24th inst., in the Bonaventure Hall, by the Hon. M. Chauveau. The subject, an interesting one, will be: *The Early History of Brittany.*

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—On Sunday next, Feb. 27, a Sacred Concert will be given in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fourteenth street. The occasion of this concert is the new organ just placed in the Church. This organ, made by H. Erben, on the plan of W. Berge, organist of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, is considered, if not the best, among the best in the city. From the pieces selected, the artists engaged, and the fine tones of this splendid organ, there is no doubt but this will be one of the best and most agreeable ever given in any Church in New York. An additional attraction will be that of a choral society of 30 male voices who will also volunteer their services on the occasion. Tickets, 50 cents; reserved seats, 75 cents. To commence at half-past seven o'clock. Tickets can be obtained from the Sextons of the different Churches, at Dunigan's and O'Shea's Bookstores, and at the door of the Church on the evening of the concert.

AID FOR THE MAGDALEN ASYLUM.—The Young Friends of Ireland will give a Grand Soiree at Niblo's Saloon, on St. Patrick's Night, (Thursday, March 17th, 1859,) the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the Magdalen Asylum. Owing to the necessities of the institution, and the great object it has in view, and believing that our national anniversary could not be commemorated in a more appropriate manner than in aiding an institution which has for its object such noble aims, we therefore call on all the patriotic, the charitable, and the humane, to assist, by their presence on this occasion, this most worthy object. Tickets $2. For sale at the Catholic Bookstores.

DENIS MCCARTIE, President.
EDWARD MILLS, Secretary. feb12 6t

FERGUSON, THE BLIND PIPER.—We are happy to be able to inform our readers that this excellent performer on the Irish Union Harmonic Pipes gives two farewell Concerts on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 1st and 2d, at Hope Chapel, No. 720 Broadway. An admirable selection of Irish music will be given on both occasions, and we advise all our friends to profit by the double opportunity of hearing Mr. Ferguson.

A Festival for the relief of the Ladies' Charitable Society, attached to St. Mary's Church, for the relief of the poor, will be given on Tuesday evening, March 1st, 1859, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, 539 Broadway, between Spring and Broome streets. Doors open from 3 to 12 o'clock, P. M. Tickets, 50 cents. A full band of music is engaged for the occasion.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.—The one hundred and twenty sixth anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated as usual in this city and in Brooklyn. There was the usual endeavor on the part of the Know-Nothings to make the day a Know-Nothing festival. It would be useless, however, to expect that ignorant and bigoted men like the O. U. A.'s and the members of the Orange societies, could comprehend the great and pure patriot of America.

CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.

We have received the report of the "Ladies' Association" attached to the "Catholic Orphan Asylum" for 1857–8. It is published by Mr. Coddington, 316 Bowery, and contains a report of the receipts and expenses of the "Ladies' Association" for the time specified. We take the following appeal from the preface and hope it will be responded to in a generous manner by every Catholic:

The Ladies' Association of the Orphan Asylum, in presenting their Report for the years 1857–8, beg to call the attention of the Catholics of this city to their Society, and to ask their assistance to enable them to increase the number of their subscribers, and give additional aid to the good Sisters who have not thought they were doing more than their duty, by giving their whole lives to the care of the orphan. The subscription asked of each is small, and would, we feel confident, be cheerfully given were the wants of these little ones better known; let each consider the amount required for his or her necessities and then think how little is asked to support and educate so many hundred children.

We would appeal to those fathers and mothers of happy families, to the Christian parents permitted to watch tenderly over their children, to guard them from danger, and as far as lies in their power to provide for their future, even to indulge their desires for the amusements and pleasures of childhood. Can these withhold from those bereft of parents their mite which we ask for them? No, they will give, give generously, and obtain the orphans' gratitude, and be remembered in the orphans' prayer. And need we remind Catholics of His promise who has said, "Even a cup of cold water in My name" shall have its reward; and, "Inasmuch as you have done it for one of these little ones, ye have done it to Me."

Mrs. Pardoe is the First Directress of the Association; Mrs. Andrews, second do.; Mrs. Duling, Treasurer; Miss E. C. Adamson, Secretary. Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Mulvahill, Miss Gallaher, Miss Kerrigan, Miss C. Malone and Mrs. Jameson, Managers.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Places where the TABLET and Catholic Books can be had at New York prices:

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P. F. Cunningham	*Philadelphia, Pa.*
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Samuel Tighe	*Memphis, Tenn.*
Peter Lawler	*Waterbury, Conn.*
Robert Coddington	366 *Bowery, N. Y.*
John Flood	*Dover, N. H.*

SMITH O'BRIEN, the Revolutionist and Patriot of Young Ireland, has declared his intention visit the Land of the Free, and study her institutions. Before his capture, some time ago, by the British troops, he made a speech, in the Northern part of Ireland, to a large number of operatives from a factory near by. In that speech, he affirmed that "the patriots and truly great men of a country are never found among the insolent inheritors of titles, but spring up from the masses—from the sturdy manufacturers and mechanics, who are the real pillars of the state." Mr. O'Brien's sentiments have not been changed by the freaks of fortune, but he is now coming to America, to study the "bone and sinew" of our land—our manufacturers. Well does he know, that of such are great Republics made—by such are they maintained. Preparations are already being made to receive this distinguished advocate of freedom, by many of our prominent manufacturers. One of the most active is Mr. ROBERT MCCAFFERTY, the enterprising Boot and Shoe Dealer, of 230 Bowery, whose army of operatives will give the visitor no mean idea of the manufacturing resources of New York. Mr. McC.'s stock is one of the largest and most valuable in the country, and his store is constantly thronged by "*the brave and the fair.*"

SPERRY & BRYANT,
Manufacturers of
AMERICAN CLOCKS
IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES,
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Manufactory Nos. 175 & 177 1st st., Williamsburgh, L.I.
Particular attention paid to manufacturing Clocks for Towers, Church Steeples, Watchmakers' Regulators, Railroad Stations, Banks, Schools, Watchmen's Detectors for Factory, &c. dec18 tf

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Stoves Lined with Brick; Cleaned, Repaired and Put Up. Jobbing done at the Shortest Notice.
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EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

Children received from seven years of age and upwards.

TO raise up youth in the fear and love of God, and in that respect and submission which they owe to their parents; to train them to the knowledge and practice of our holy religion; to form them to the social duties of life, and prepare them for honorable pursuits in their future career, is the object of this Institution. A vigilant and fatherly care, united with a firm though mild discipline; a plan of school exercises adapted to the age and ability of the pupils, whereby instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and agreeable manner; a judicious distribution of time between study and recreation; a good, wholesome and sufficient diet; proper in and out-door exercises; all these and other important advantages are to be met with in the Academy. Tending as they do to the moral, intellectual, and physical development of the future man, they have not failed through the past to endear the Institution to its inmates, who find therein the salutary influences of school discipline, blended with the sweets of home. The location is a healthy one, and of easy access from the city of New York.

The building, originally large and commodious, has been made still more so by late improvements of various kinds.

Board and Washing, Tuition, use of School Books, Stationery and Library, $180 per annum.

Payments made semi-annually in advance.

The Academic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September and terminating on the 1st of August.

The following branches are taught according to the learner's age and capacity, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Natural History, the French language, Vocal Music, and Drawing.

EXTRA BRANCHES.

The Spanish and German languages are taught, and lessons given on the Piano, Violin, Flute, &c., to those whose parents or guardians desire it. For each of these respectively there is an extra charge. (No extra charge for French or Drawing.)

For further particulars apply personally or by letter to THE BROTHER SUPERIOR,
sep4 tf At the Academy.

ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART,

ALBANY, NEW YORK

THIS Institution is beautifully situated, about two miles from Albany, on the Troy road, overlooking the Hudson, and commanding a view of the cities and of the whole surrounding scenery of Albany and Troy. The shady walks and woodlands by which it is diversified; the eminence on which the house stands, embosomed in trees; the high hills in the distance, covered with beautifully variegated foliage, make this a most delightful and healthy site for a Young Ladies' Academy. In case of sickness the Ladies administer, with the fondness of a mother, to the wants of the children committed to their charge. Unceasing care and vigilance render the superintendence and government complete. The system of education embraces every useful and ornamental branch suitable for Young Ladies

Terms:

Board and Tuition per annum, $130, payable half-yearly in advance. From this rule there will be no deviation.

Day Scholars, per quarter	$10 00
Day Scholars dining at the Academy, per quarter	15 00
Use of Piano, per quarter	3 00
Stationery, per annum	8 00
Washing	20 00
Physician's Fees	3 00

Postage charged to parents. Each pupil will pay on entrance for use of Bed, &c., five dollars.

Music, Drawing, Painting, and the Languages, excepting French, form extra charges. As French enters into the usual course of instruction, peculiar attention is given to form the pupils to a correct and elegant style of writing in it, as well as in their own language. Peculiar attention will also be paid to plain and ornamental needlework. No deduction will be made for a pupil withdrawn before the expiration of a term except for cogent reasons.

The Scholastic year will begin on the first Monday of September, and end in the month of July. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year. There will be an extra charge of fifteen dollars for pupils who remain during the vacation.

The pupils are permitted to receive visits only from their parents, or from such as are formally authorized by them.

For further particulars apply to
ag28 tf THE LADY SUPERIOR.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

BY P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has the warm approval and recommendation of the Rev. Pastor. ag29 tf

EDUCATION.

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

Nos. 44 and 46 Second Street,

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THE Brothers of the Christian Schools had for a long time past cause to regret their being necessitated, from want of accommodations, to refuse numerous applications from respectable parents desirous of procuring for their children a thorough education. To meet these demands, the Brothers have purchased and fitted out at great expense the elegant house (No. 46) adjoining their own residence. This house will be entirely devoted to the purpose for which it has been purchased. There will be six distinct Classes, having each one Teacher or more, thus forming a regular and very desirable gradation necessarily conducive to the rapid progress of the pupils. The number of pupils in each class will be limited.

The Scholastic year will consist of eleven calendar months, or four quarters of twelve weeks each.

The Classes will open on the first Monday of September.

Payments will be quarterly, and invariably in advance.

The course of education will consist of Reading, Writing, English Grammar, French Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Geometry, (Theoretical and Practical,) Trigonometry, Algebra, History, Rhetoric, Philosophy, (the theory and practice, there being a complete Philosophical apparatus for the purpose,) the use of the Globes, Music, instrumental and vocal French, Latin, Greek, &c., &c.

Terms:

1st, or Lowest Class	$5 00 per quarter.
2d Class	6 00 "
3d "	7 00 "
4th "	8 00 "
5th, or High Class	9 00 "
6th, or Superior Class	10 00 "
Music, (excepting Piano)	2 50 "
" Piano, with privilege of learning on any other instrument	5 00 "

There will be no extra charge for French, Greek, Latin, &c.

Class Books of the very highest order will be furnished, without charge, excepting Classical Books, which must be provided by the pupils themselves.

ag28 tf

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy 237 Fourth Street.

THIS Institution, the object of which is the Christian education of children, will re-open on the first Monday of September. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort, and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the Academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The course of instruction comprises the elementary, and all the higher branches of English education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Book-keeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

	Per annum.
Board and Tuition	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music, Vocal and Instrumental	12
" (with Piano) "	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each Boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The Linen should be marked with the name in full. a28 tf

ST. MARY'S SELECT SCHOOL,

CORNER CHICAGO AVENUE AND CASS STREET,

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

THE Course of Instruction will embrace the various elementary as well as the higher branches of a finished education. French and German taught by natives. Special attention paid to the morals, health, and deportment of the pupils. Music, Drawing, Useful and Ornamental Needlework, and Fancy Work of every description form part of the regular course.

oct9 tf

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN MCKINNEY, *Principal.*

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Chancellor,	2,200	Constitution,	2,000
Cultivator,	2,000	Resolute (New),	2,000
Cynosure,	2,000	Robert Kelly,	1,500
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It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums $500 and under, and will be continued or increased the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10, A. M. to 2, and from 5 to 7, P. M.

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JOHN McMENOMY, 2d Vice-President, 156 Bowery
TERENCE DONNELY, Treasurer, 85 Liberty st.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary, 38 Vesey stree

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John Nicholson,	Edward W. Tiers,
Andrew Carrigan,	Charles M. Connolly,
James Kerrigan,	James Kelly,
Hugh Kelly,	Daniel Devlin,
Charles O'Connor,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
James Olwell,	Edward Bayor.
John P. Nesmith,	

PETER CREKAN, Accountant.

JOHN MANNING, Comptroller.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

Office, No. 51 Chambers Street, New York.

IN consequence of the great number of complaints which have for a long time been made by immigrants, of frauds committed upon them in the sending of money to their friends in Ireland; and to aid and protect the Emigrant, the Irish Emigrant Society established a fund, deposited in the Bank of Ireland, upon which they draw drafts, payable at sight on any of the branches of the Bank.

Persons residing out of the city, by enclosing in a letter the sum they wish forwarded, with the plainly written directions to whom, and where it is to be paid will have the same remitted.

There is this great advantage in purchasing the Society's drafts—that the Bank has a branch in each of the principal towns in Ireland, and thus the losses by discount, and otherwise, are avoided.

The Society will be thankful for all early and substantial information of any fraud, imposition, or outrage, committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President

ROBT. J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, JOSEPH STUART, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWD. C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary
PETER CREKAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Felix Ingoldsby,	Cornelius H. Sheehan
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mar6 tf

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feb19 6m PATRICK KELLY.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICES.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of JOHN MURPHY & COMPANY, expires this day by limitation. All persons indebted to the concern will make settlement with JOHN MURPHY, who is authorized to close the Business, and to use the name of the firm in liquidation. JOHN MURPHY,
M. J. KELLY.

BALTIMORE, *January*, 31, 1859.

The undersigned will continue the Bookselling, Publishing, Printing, and Stationery Business, as heretofore, under the same style of JOHN MURPHY & CO., at the old stand, 182 Baltimore street. In returning thanks to his old friends and customers for the liberal encouragement extended for the last twenty-two years, he respectfully solicits a continuance, with the assurance that the same unremitting attention that he has heretofore given, will be devoted to the interest of all who may favor him with their orders.

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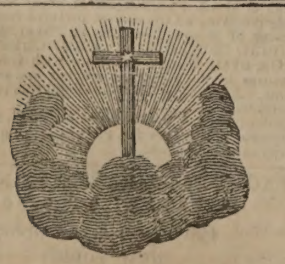
CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned have this day FORMED A CO-PARTNERSHIP for the purpose of conducting the PRINTING, PUBLISHING, BOOKSELLING and STATIONERY BUSINESS, under the firm of KELLY, HEDIAN & PIET, at the building 174 BALTIMORE STREET, between St. Paul and Calvert streets, which is now in preparation for their business and will be ready on the 1st of March.

They will be found for the present at the Store No. 82 BALTIMORE STREET, near Gay, heretofore occupied by P. J. HEDIAN.

M. J. KELLY,
P. J. HEDIAN,
JOHN B. PIET.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1, 1859. feb19 3t



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By Dr. J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON.

3. Sunday Evening, February 20.
The Monastic Institution in its Relations to Society.
By Dr. L. SILLIMAN IVES.

4. Sunday Evening, February 27.
The Great Modern Contrast, or the Idolatry of the Nineteenth Century.
By Dr. J. VINCENT HUNTINGTON.

5. Sunday Evening, March 6.

By the Right Rev. Dr. O'CONNOR,
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☞ New Orleans and Illinois papers please copy.
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AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.
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PROCLAMATION.—In pursuance of authority vested in me by an Ordinance of the Common Council, I do hereby offer a reward of two hundred and fifty dollars for the apprehension of Felix Sanchez, who is charged with having murdered Hermon Carmon, at No. 154 Sullivan street, in this city, on the 6th January. DANIEL F. TIEMANN, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New York, Jan. 22d, 1859.

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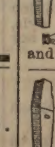

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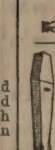

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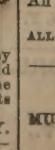

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